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NO. 45.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.

Given in the Presence of Colonels S. P. Kase and G. F. Spear, of Philadelphia.

HINCMAR, (Bishop of Laon).

The interests of truth will always be preserved, no matter who contends against them. In my mortal life I was bishop of Laon, in the ninth century; and what I have to say here is this. Many of the monuments of antiquity which had a tale to tell derogatory to the Christian cause, have been mutilated and defaced by the emissaries of the Catholic faith. All that could be done to destroy everything that could throw light upon the identity of Paganism with Christianity, was done by the Catholics of the ninth century. I was excommunicated by Adrian II, because I remonstrated against the absolute power of popes. In my wanderings, after that excommunication, I found that I could hold open communion with the spirit world, without regard to kings, popes or cardinals; and if my dying statement of the truths that spirits had given to me, had not been destroyed at Laon, by that notorious Catholic, Simon de Montfort, it would explain to you what the excommunicated knew of spirits. Oh, if priestcraft could be destroyed, and the valuable manuscripts of the ancients could be revealed to mortal gaze, the sleep of Christianity would be final. There is a spirit power that surrounds those documents that no priests dare to violate; and the information that the spirits have set forth in this series of communications can and will be confirmed by writings to be found among the Greek Maronite monks of Mt. Lebanon. They possess the corroborative evidence needed to make these communications absolute truth. My name was Hincmar.

[I take the following concerning Hincmar from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia of Ecclesiastical Literature.—Ed.]

"Hincmar of Laon was nephew of Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims, who at first patronized him, and had him elected bishop of Laon, about A. D. 856. He soon showed an obstinate and refractory spirit; set at naught his uncle, who was his metropolitan; rebelled against his king, and scorned the decrees of synods, whose sentence of condemnation he for some time avoided by appealing to Rome; but at length he was summoned, heard, condemned, and deposed from his see of Laon. He was also imprisoned and his eyes cruelly put out, A. D. 871. Two years later, at the council of Troyes, he obtained access to the pope, who re-instated him, assigned him a portion of the episcopal revenues, and permitted him even to resume his pontifical functions in part. He died about A. D. 880. He wrote many letters, etc., which are lost; but a few may be found with his life, defence, etc., in *Lebbe, Council*, vol. vii., and in *Simond's* edition of the works of Hincmar of Rheims."

[When living, this spirit appears to have been a man of great firmness and force of character. There is not a doubt that what he says is true; and that the Catholic priesthood, in his time, were particularly engaged in destroying all trace of the Pagan origin and identity of Christianity. It was no doubt after the destruction of his sight, in the cruel (Christian) manner stated, that he became a medium, and held communion with the spirit world; and it was doubtless owing to the development of his mediumship that he was again taken into the pay of the church, in order to restrain him from publicly making known what he learned from returning spirits. It would seem that he did leave many "Letters, &c."—the "etc." including the spirit communications which he received; and which Simon de Montfort found at Laon and destroyed. A writer in the *Biographie Universelle* says of Hincmar:

"John VIII. confirmed the judgment that deposed Hincmar. This pope, however, having come to Troyes, Hincmar presented himself before him, and in a touching harangue depicted to him his misfortunes. John took pity on him, and maintaining as bishop of Laon, Hincmar, who had been appointed to that bishopric, he reinstated Hincmar, set apart for his support a part of the episcopal revenues, and permitted him to resume his sacerdotal functions. His friends immediately re-clothed him with marks of his dignity; and after they had led him to the pope, they conducted him to the church, where he blessed the people. We are ignorant of the epoch of his death, but it is known that he died before his uncle, (Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims). Hincmar of Laon was the author of several works, of which few have come down to us. The P. Cellot has written his history, and inserted it in volume 8 of the edition of the *Councils* of P. Labbe. The uncle is there exalted at the expense of the nephew."

It is not difficult, therefore, to see that Hincmar of Laon was a man possessing some remarkable faculty of influencing not only popes, but the people. That his works should have been destroyed, and so little known of the latter part of his life, is sufficient to show that the Roman Catholic Church had some special interest in concealing his real merits from posterity. His excommunication by Adrian II. is not mentioned, but it no doubt took place. Indeed, everything that it was possible to conceal concerning the bold and defiant course of Hincmar has been intentionally kept from posterity. But for the return of this spirit, the true inwardness of the meager hien-

tion of him would never have been conjectured or understood. I have every confidence in the truth of his statement, that among the Greek Maronite monks of Mt. Lebanon there will yet be found the positive proof of the truth of the spirit communications that have been given through Alfred James, and which are included in this series of testimonies from the spirit world.—Ed.]

HENRY SALT.

"GOOD DAY, SIR.—There is no antiquarian—no inscriptionist—no linguist, but absolutely understands that all historic religions, either through relics, monuments or scrolls, have their origin in the sun; and that all the ancients, although their religions may be diversified, started on that central pivot, the Sun. And after a most laborious effort to come here to day, and through an uneducated man to state what I know, I find it most difficult (as you mortals cannot and will not know, until you become spirits,) to carry out my purpose. We will commence with this, (what has been said being only preliminary.) *Abraxas*. You will find that this word wherever written or carved, is claimed to have been derived from the Hebrew *Ab Ben*, and has been said to designate what might be termed in Hebrew—*father*; but in no case can the learned claim that this is true, for in reality it relates to the Persian god *Mithras*; and the *Abraxas* or *Abraxas*, means the amulet worn by the ancients; and in all cases is traced to *Mithras*, as typical of the Sun. I will next refer to G. Belzoni's great discovery at Thebes, where basso-reliefs cover the sides of a tomb that no antiquarian can claim to understand in any other light than astronomical. Also in the works of Edward Ruppell, and his discoveries in Egypt, Nubia, and Kordofan, it will be found that all the temple inscriptions and tombs, are, in every case, either built according to the ancient system of astrology; or, they are so sculptured, outside and in, as to render their astrological relation apparent. The first thing that strikes the attention of an antiquarian, are certain symbols always known as representing the sun, or the centre of the solar system. You will also find in the writings of Belzoni, concerning the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, that the whole ancient system is a combination of the Sun with the first sign of the zodiac, or with Aries, the Ram or Lamb. The same kinds of basso-reliefs, only of a ruder character, are found in the bases of the temples of India; among the principal of which are the caves of Elora and Elephanta. And that this principle is just as much observed to-day, in these ancient countries, I am prepared to prove, by the temples of Shoemadon near Pegu in Birma, called in English, the Golden Supreme; also by the temple near Rangoon of the Shoe Dagon or Golden Dagon. These temples are built upon exact astronomical principles. This last modern Dagon throws a full light upon the nature of the temple of the Pharaohs, spoken of in the Hebrew text, where Dagon fell down before the ark. No learned commentator can deny the identity of the modern Dagon with the ancient one. And now for my final effort through this man, to show where, from inscriptions and ruins still existing, I think it will be found that true civilization began; and to do this I shall have to go back before real history begins, and show that man having left his rude home upon the Asiatic plains beyond the Himalayas, made his descent into the fertile plains of India, with all his rude barbarian health not yet enervated by luxury. There, finding the soil to yield him the necessities of life without labor, and everything that goes to make up material happiness, he naturally became mentally developed. And in those regions, I think, between 12,000 and 15,000 years ago, was invented and introduced what is termed by the learned, the Sanscrit tongue, the language of the real Sun worship; and which has governed every system of religion since. If there is any religion without the symbol of the Sun in Aries, or in the first sign of the zodiac, I have failed to discover it. All kinds of life that have taken on form have been worshipped, simply as types or way-marks to the great material god—the Sun. In writing they almost always, or as nearly as possible, wrote from East to West. It is a well known fact that all the early Christians worshipped, or manifested their adoration, by bowing towards the East—the counterpart of pagan Sun worship. And, in Palmyra and Thebes, the principal object worshipped by the forerunners of Christianity, was Aries the Ram or Lamb; and the Therapeutae also worshipped the same symbol. You will find this proven in Sir William Jones' Asiatic Researches. I am sorry, as a spirit, that I allowed Christianity to blind my eyes to the truth. As I did so, I owe it to my mortal brethren here on earth to set them right. If this succeeds in doing what I intend it shall, and I have no doubt it will if properly followed up, I will have done my part toward retrieving my mistake. And now I have this to say to you, that whilst I leave you to withstand the concussion of error, I have a spirit will always be with you in what I have here uttered. Yours for the public good, Henry Salt."

[I translate the following biographical account of Henry Salt, from the *Biographie Universelle*.—Ed.]

—Ed.] Henry Salt, an eminent English traveller, whose narratives in respect to the countries he travelled through, are among those which merit the closest attention of geographers and historians. Salt was born at Litchfield, in the county of York, England, and received his early educa-

tion in a grammar school of that town. Without doubt he completed it elsewhere, for his education seemed complete when his taste for the arts carried him away, and he devoted himself to painting. At this epoch, the Viscount Valencia, who had left the military service, and who, after a long residence on the Continent, enjoyed his great wealth in his picturesque retreat of Arley Hall, resolved to render himself useful to his country, by undertaking a great journey. He formed a plan with the Marquis of Wellesley, who had been governor of the English possessions in India, who could give him powerful assistance to execute his project. Lord Valencia quitted England, and set sail on the *Minerva*, on the 3d of June, 1802. But, before setting out, one of his former tutors, the learned Butt, presented to him his nephew, Henry Salt, and Lord Valencia, forming a favorable opinion of him took him with him in the capacity of secretary and draughtsman. It was impossible for him to have made a better choice. Salt in addition to his knowledge of the ancient languages, and belles-lettres, possessed the genius to plan, the talents of the artist to paint and design, and a strength of mind and prudence, beyond his years. In a note the writer says: "I have not been able, notwithstanding my researches to ascertain the date of the birth of Salt, but he must have been very young when he embarked in 1802, because in 1815 he went to Paris, on his way to Egypt, to which country he had been appointed consul general, and when he was presented to the third class of the Institute (Academy of Belles-lettres), everybody was astonished to see so young a man. These accomplishments rendered an interpreter of no use. Salt in company with Lord Valencia, disembarked at Madeira, at Cape Palmas, stopped a short time at St. Helena, then at the Cape of Good Hope, where he made an excursion into the interior, touched at the Isle of St. Paul, the islands of Nicobar, and on June 20th 1803, our traveller arrived at Calcutta. Then he undertook a great tour through the interior of India, and went to Benares and Lucknow; they visited the ruins of Canonga, embarked on the *Ganges*, and returned to Calcutta on the 7th of October. They afterwards went to Ceylon, remained there for a time, and then returned to the continent. Near Pondicherry, Salt left Lord Valencia, to go by dangerous paths, hardly passable, to visit the Seven Pagodas, and to paint that celebrated site. In February 1704, they penetrated Southern India, saw Seringapatam, made a visit to the Rajah of Mysore, and then embarked at Madras for the Red Sea, of which they contributed to perfect the charts by locating several bays, and an island almost unknown, to which Lord Valencia gave his name. On these deserted and dangerous coasts of Arabia and Africa that were bathed by the Red Sea, Salt several times left Lord Valencia, and landed on the continent, to observe the countries, describe them, and to enrich his collection of views and designs. Lord Valencia having reason to complain of the inaction of Moka, sent Salt as bearer of his despatches to the English Government of India. Salt embarked on the "Antelope," and arrived at Bombay on the 9th of July. Lord Valencia joined him there on the 13th of September. During their residence at Bombay and Poona, they made excursions to the famous Pagodas and grottoes of Salset and Elephanta. In December 1801 and in January 1805, they returned to Moka, to the Isle of Dhalac, to Massouah, and to Arekko, where they believed they had found the site of the ancient city of Adulis. During his voyages on the Red Sea, Lord Valencia having entered into communication with the chiefs of Abyssinia, he decided in the interests of his country, to send them Salt as ambassador. The latter set out from Massouah, with a convenient retinue and with presents, on the 20th of June 1805. It was this first journey of Salt into Abyssinia, that formed the third volume of Lord Valencia's work. It is certainly the newest and most important part of his work. Written entirely by Salt himself, it created the liveliest interest among the learned of Europe when it was published. If he did not succeed completely in the principal object of his negotiations, he succeeded at least in reopening communication between the Christians of Europe and the Christians of Abyssinia, interrupted for more than two centuries and a half; since Soliman, in 1593, had, by the capture of Souakem, of Massouah, and the Isle of Dhalac, shut up Abyssinia between the desert and the sea, and had rendered all its relations with civilized peoples impossible. Salt returned to Massouah, where he rejoined Lord Valencia. They passed to Djidda, to Suez and arrived at Cairo on the 10th of February 1806. They set out from there on the 10th of March, after having visited Rosetta, Bermbal, Damietta, Lake Bourbos, Mansourah, Bahriet and the ruins of the Temple of Isis. Finally after having thoroughly examined Alexandria, of which Salt constructed a plan, our travellers embarked on the 22d of June, and entered the port of Malta on the 24th of August. On the 26th of September they reached Gibraltar, and just one month after, they landed at Portsmouth, and entered their own country after an absence of four years and four months. The "Travels and Voyages in India, Ceylon, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802-1806, of Lord Valencia," were, in 1809, published in 3 vols. 4to. with a great number of plates and charts, executed after the designs and plans of Henry Salt. But, independently of the numerous plates that the work contained, Salt published at the same time, twenty-four colored engravings of a large size, which were a reproduction of the

paintings of the principal sites of the localities that he had visited in his travels. These views accompanied with a short description in 4to. are not only intended to please the sight, but give a most complete knowledge of the places they represent. It is in plate No. 20, of that magnificent atlas of pictures that the view of the Obelisk of Axum, is found, of which the carved inscription copied at that place and learnedly commented upon by the traveller, gives it particular interest. If, in several parts of his travels, Salt has confirmed some of the recitals of Bruce which appeared improbable, there are others in regard to which he accuses him of imposture, and sometimes, we think, without sufficient cause, as when he denies that the remains of one hundred and thirty-three pedestals, that Bruce said he saw upon the plains of Axum, never existed there, because he, Salt, had not seen a trace of them. To reason thus is to take little account of the changes which may have taken place in a country in the course of a half century. When the travels of Lord Valencia gave his artist secretary such a just celebrity, Salt was no longer in England. On the 20th of January 1809, he had embarked at Portsmouth, not to accompany a rich and powerful person as draughtsman; this time he set out alone and as chief of the mission that was entrusted to him. The British Government, particularly fortunate in choosing its agents, had perceived, after the voyage of Lord Valencia, the great advantages that England could derive from an alliance with Abyssinia. Salt was charged to negotiate that alliance. He was the bearer of valuable presents, and a letter from the king of Great Britain, to the emperor of Abyssinia. But the civil wars and religious quarrels which divided that country, rendered useless all the efforts of Salt, to establish durable and regular relations with it. He returned to Europe two years after. His travels had not been useless to the commercial interests of England. The disturbed state of Europe had caused him to take a roundabout route to Africa. As in his first voyage, he touched at Madeira, then at the Cape of Good Hope; but his voyage along the eastern coast of Africa was almost a hydrographical exploration; and procured much useful information respecting the possessions of the Portuguese. Salt visited several places with which they had no relations for a long time: Meseril, Monjou, Mozambique, Zanzibar and Pemba. He made the charts of several bays. In 1810 as in 1805, his journey to Abyssinia was confined to the province of Tigra. He traversed the formidable defile of Taranta, and arrived at Dixan, and afterwards at Adialow. He remained some time at Chalcut. Here he was able to examine more at leisure the manners and habits of the Abyssinians. He afterwards passed through Agawa, to visit a second time the ruins of Axum; again copied the inscription, to give it more correctly with a new commentary upon it, and thus terminated his journey. He returned to Dixan, crossed the mountains of Assouli, and arrived at Arekko, crossed the Red Sea, and landed at Moka. Then in October he went to Bombay, whence he embarked on his return to Europe. He left the Cape of Good Hope on the 12th of December, touched at St. Helena on the 20th of the same month, and on the 10th of January 1811, entered the port of Penzance at the point of Cornwall. Immediately on his arrival in London, he went to give a report of his mission to the Marquis of Wellesley, minister of foreign affairs. From that time he was engaged in drawing up the account of his voyage, which appeared in 1814, with plates and maps, similar to that of the voyage of Lord Valencia, of which his was in a manner a continuation and complement. But he gave it a monstrously prolix title, which it may be said is a table of its contents. The brevity of the title of the "Travels of Lord Valencia," in which the name of Salt is not found, or his labors indicated, does not prevent the reader from distinguishing the particular merit of that part of the work that properly belonged to him; and it was translated into French by Prevot, of Geneva, under the title of "Travels in Abyssinia." This translation increased the celebrity of Salt on the Continent. In 1815 he began a new voyage, and this time with all the advantages of fortune and power. His government had appointed him consul general of England in Egypt. He went to reside at Cairo, and was particularly welcomed by the enlightened sovereign of that country, Mehemet Ali. He gave himself up with ardor to the study of ancient Egypt, to which the discoveries of Champollion and Young, his countrymen, gave special interest. He gave a proof of the progress that he had made, in this study, by publication, in 1825, of a work that made a sensation among the erudite, although it only amounted to a small pamphlet. It was his "Essay on the Hieroglyphic and Phonetic System of Dr. Young, with some additional discoveries which rendered it applicable to the reading of ancient and modern names." London. 1825. He commenced it with a letter from Bankes, who, in his travels, has collected so many curious things and published so few of them. To this letter is annexed a copy of the table of Abydos, which Bankes first discovered and copied. The work of Salt informs us also that, according to Bankes, the name of Pharaoh Tirka has been everywhere effaced on the fronton of the little temple of Medinet-Abou and replaced by that of Ptolemy, a circumstance of great significance, in connection with the determination of the age of the construction of the temples of ancient Egypt. Salt, notwithstanding the title of his work, does not appear to have advanced the science of deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics; but he seems to have

been the first to make some happy applications of some hieroglyphical inscriptions enclosed in some of the cartouches. Several of these explanations have been collected and recognized as correct. It was in 1827, the same year when the translation of the essay of Salt appeared that it was learned that he had died on his way from Cairo to Alexandria. His body was transported to the latter city, and his funeral was the most splendid that had been witnessed for a long time. The "Annual Register" which relates this fact, adds that he left a fortune of 200,000 talars.

Such a man was Henry Salt, whose spirit, after a half century, returns to inform the world as to certain points of ancient history which his Christian prejudices prevented him from acknowledging when in the mortal form. Reader, think of what the world has been deprived of through the Christian training of this truly learned and accomplished antiquarian. If Henry Salt had, in 1809, when the result of his investigations into the antiquities of Hindostan, Abyssinia and Egypt was first published, then asserted what he now positively asserts, to wit: that all religions had their origin in the sun, from which they all started as from one pivotal point,—it would not be necessary for me to-day to draw down upon myself the opposition and enmity of religious bigots, in laying bare, through MIND AND MATTER, the truth in relation to those time-honored delusions called Christian truths. That he should have found it most difficult to use the medium as well as he did, I can well understand, although he thinks that cannot be possible. I have not a doubt of the correctness of his interpretation of the Abraxas or Abrasax, which has been so clearly misunderstood. It is undoubtedly a Persian, and not a Grecian symbol, as has been erroneously supposed, and no doubt had relation to the sun in its annual revolution. I take the following definition of Abraxas stones from Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia:

"Abraxas Stones is the name of a kind of gems found in Syria, Egypt and Spain. They are of various forms, but all have the word Abraxas or Abrasax engraved on them in connection with certain mystical symbols, mostly consisting of fantastical figures, composed of the body of a serpent, the head of a bird, and other incongruous parts. The word Abraxas was first used by the Egyptian Gnostic Basilides, and denoted not the Supreme being, but the assemblage of the 365 world spirits; the letters composing the word expressing, according to the Greek enumeration, the number of 365. His disciples who used this kind of gems as amulets or talismans, and after whom they are often called Basilidian stones, spread them all over Egypt and Syria, and in the fourth century the disciples of Priscillianus brought them to Spain."

A writer in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature, on the same subject, says:

"Abraxas (Greek *Abraxas* or *Abrasax*), a mystical word composed of the Greek letters $\alpha, \beta, \gamma, \delta, \epsilon, \zeta, \eta, \theta, \iota, \kappa, \lambda, \mu, \nu, \xi, \omicron, \pi, \rho, \sigma, \tau, \upsilon, \phi, \chi, \psi, \omega$, which together, according to Greek enumeration, make up the number 365. Basilides taught that there were 365 heavens between the earth and the empyrean, and as many different orders of angels; and he applied the Cabalistic name *Abraxas* to the Supreme Lord of all these heavens. In his system there was an imitation of the Pythagorean philosophy, with regard to numbers, as well as an adoption of Egyptian hieroglyphical symbols. Jerome seems to intimate that this was done in imitation of the practice of thus representing Mithras, the deity of the Persians, or the Sun, otherwise Apollo, the god-healing."

"For instance:—

α —1	m —40
β —2	κ —5
γ —100	ι —10
δ —1	θ —9
ϵ —60	ρ —100
ζ —1	α —1
η —200	σ —200

Abraxas—345. Mithras or Mithras—365.

"Probably Basilides intended, in this way, to express the number of intelligences which compose the Pleroma, or the Deity under various manifestations, or the Sun, in which Pythagoras supposed that the intelligence resided which produced the world.—A few of the modes of deriving this term are subjoined. Bellermin takes it from the Coptic, the ancient language of Egypt; the syllable *sodah* (which the Greeks were compelled to convert into *sax, sas* or *siz*) signifying 'word,' and *abrah*, 'blessed, holy, adorable,' *abrahax* being, therefore, 'adorable word'. Others make it signify 'the new word'. Beausobre derives it from *abros*, which he renders *magnificent*; and either *as*, I save, or *sa*, safety. Others find it to signify the mystery of the Trinity and of the divinity of Christ; they assume that it is composed of the initial letters of the Hebrew words meaning father, son, spirit, one, (that is, *one God*); and the Greek words, *Kristos*, Christ; *Anthropos*, man, (that is, *God-man*); *Soter* Saviour.

"A great number of relics (gems and plates, or tablets of metal), have been discovered, chiefly in Egypt, bearing the word *Abraxas*, or an image supposed to designate the god of that name. There has been much discussion about these relics, some regarding them as all of Basilidian origin; others holding them, in part or in whole, to be Egyptian. Some of them contain the *Abraxas* image alone, or with a shield, spear, or other emblems of Gnostic origin. Some have Jewish words (*e. g.*, *Jehovah*, *Adonia*, etc.); others combine the *Abraxas* with Persian, Egyptian, or Grecian symbols. Montfaucon has divided these gems into seven classes: 1. Those having the head of a cock, the symbol of the Sun; 2. Those having the head of a lion, expressive of the heat of the Sun; these have the inscription *Mithras*; 3. Serpents (the *Ox Apis*); 4. Sphinxes (lions' bodies with women's heads, the union of the signs *Leo* and *Virgo*), apes, and other animals; 5. Human figures, with the names *Iao*, *Sabaoth*, *Atonai*, etc. (Every one of these were names applied to the Sun). 6. Inscriptions without figures; 7. Monstrous forms. He gives 300 *fac similes* of gems with different devices and inscriptions."

Then follows a cut of one of these gems. It is of oval form and convex on both sides, and is said to be highly polished. On one side is a ram's horn, out of the hollow end of which emerges a lion's head, the tongue protruded, and wearing an expression of anger. From the lion's head rays of light extend. This symbol clearly denotes that the Lamb like Sun of Spring, when the Sun was in the sign of Aries, became the raging lion of the Summer solstice; and is evidently a symbolical expression of the change of the seasons from

Spring to Summer. The ram's horn, in this instance, is not spirally formed, but is as if growing in an elongated, twisted form. But that this is an emblem of the zodiacal Sun is rendered clear by the fact that arranged transversely to the ram's horn, is a symbol formed like a figure eight, thus, ∞ ; which, it is well known, designates the Sun's course through the ecliptic. On the other side is a vertical line, across which extend three crooked lines, manifestly intended to represent the tropical and equatorial circles. Over this latter emblem or symbol is the word *Abraxas*, and beneath it the word *Iao* in Greek characters. As a whole, this constitutes a most distinct and speaking symbol of the Sun in Aries and in Leo, and at the same time as expressing the whole annual movement of the Sun through the signs of the zodiac. Speaking of the word *Iao*, the writer says:

"The word *Iao*, in a variety of modifications, is also found on most of the gems of the Gnostics; and next to *Abraxas*, seems to have been the most portentous and mysterious. It is generally supposed to be a corruption of the t-trigrammaton for the Jewish *Jehova*, to which the Jews attached such awful importance. Irenaeus supposes it has allusion to the name by which the divine character of Christ was expressed; as if *Io* was intended to be the Alpha and Omega of the Revelation, and the character *Iao* stood for Jesus, the Redeemer, the first and last."

The reader can see and appreciate, then, the importance of the communication of Henry Salt upon this point, as it shows conclusively that both Jews and Christians, at an early period of the existence of those two faiths, respectively regarded the Sun as the great central object of their worship. The mysterious Jewish word *Jehovah* was nothing but a modification of the older designation of Deity—*Iao*, which meant *I* the one, *A* the beginning, and *O* the end; the most perfect trinity in unity that was ever conceived or expressed. Would the Jews and Christians have claimed a common identity with the Gnostic *Iao* of their *Jehovah* and *J-esus*, if they had not one and all been the same thing—the sun-personified? Salt says they were the same thing, and all the facts demonstrate that he was correct; and that that one thing was the Sun. He could have chosen no better way to show that Judaism and Christianity were identical with the Sun worship of the Persian Magi, and their Gnostic successors whose one god *Iao* was the Sun. Mithras was the Sun, and the angelic gems designated *Abraxas* or *Abrasax* related to the Sun personified in the Persian god Mithras.

The reference of the spirit Henry Salt to the discovery of Belzoni on the walls of the tomb at Thebes, as demonstrating the astronomical nature of the Christian worship, is unusually significant and important. Salt unquestionably here refers to a matter with which he was perfectly familiar in his earth life. A writer in Thomas's Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, in speaking of Belzoni, says: "One of his first antiquarian labors was the removal of the colossal head, incorrectly styled the young Memnon, in which enterprise he was assisted by Mr. Salt, the British consul. He soon after visited the temple of Ipsambul, which he was the first to open, and in 1818 discovered in the valley of Behn-el-Molook a magnificent Egyptian tomb. He made drawings of its chambers, and took impressions of the figures and hieroglyphics, which *fac simile* he subsequently exhibited in London. This tomb also contained an elaborate sarcophagus, which Belzoni brought to England." It is to this important discovery of Belzoni that Salt refers, and claims that all religions are astronomical. The reference of the spirit to the works of Ruppel goes far to demonstrate the absolute authenticity of this communication. We find the following regarding Ruppel in Thomas's Dictionary of Biography: "Wilhelm Ruppel, a German naturalist, born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main in 1794. He visited Arabia, Nubia, and other parts of Africa, and published in 1820, 'Travels in Nubia Kardofan, and Arabia Petrea.' The spirit of Salt no doubt recalls what he was perfectly familiar with in his earth life, when he speaks of the astrological-theological discoveries of Belzoni and Ruppel. He must have been personally acquainted with both, and they no doubt concurred in opinions as to the astrological origin and character of Christianity. No well informed antiquarian will question the assertion of this spirit, that the temples of India and Egypt corresponded as to their respective symbols, and the significance of them. That the Burman *Datgon* of modern times is identical with the fish-god of the Philistines, there is no doubt. They represent, alike, the Sun in the sign of the Fishes, and because of that fact the former is called the Golden *Datgon*, everything being considered golden that expressed the solar light. But here we have the spirit of one of the most learned men of the beginning of the present century, in the light of his mortal and spirit knowledge, asserting that the first written language was the Sanscrit, and that it had its origin between 12,000 and 15,000 years ago, in the elevated plains of Southern and Central Asia, among a people themselves fresh from a barbaric state; and what is most significant of all, that that language was invented to express the worship of the Sun by that rude and early people. Even at that early period, the Sun, in the sign of Aries, was a leading feature of the religion of the primitive Aryan people. It was on account of the fact of the Sun's apparent movement from east to west, says the spirit of Salt, that the Asiatic peoples usually wrote from right to left instead of from left to right as we do. It is equally certain that the Essenes, who were the primitive Christians, worshipped the Sun, and always bowed or knelt towards the east in adoration of the Sun. It is equally certain that the principal object by the worship at Palmyra and Thebes who were the people from whom the Christians derived their religion in great part, was the Sun, in the sign of the Lamb. This spirit frankly confesses that he allowed himself to be blinded by Christianity, and comes to us, he says, to make amends so far as he may for his error, by disclosing what he could of truth. I feel all the stronger in my position, to have the assurance of this accomplished spirit that he will be with me in making good what he said. But I must close. Reader, could you know the labor of testing the truth of these communications, you would regard them as more precious than gold, as sources of the most reliable knowledge as to the affairs of the past.—Ed.]

W. R. and J. A. Joseelyn, Santa Cruz, California, write: "Your paper has done a valuable work. It has checked the growing tares in the Spiritual wheat field. May its usefulness increase, and its light become more diffused, through an ever increasing patronage. Enclosed find \$2 for MIND AND MATTER."



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

[SELECTED.]

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept tolling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

But oh! beyond this shadow land—
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams, through endless time,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—Little's Living Age

Under a Fly-Wheel.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. Every one in the factory was at work. The clicking and rattling of the lighter machinery, the groaning of heavily-laden shafts, the oily thud of hundreds of cogs mingled in busy din. The huge engine sighed as, with its brawny arm of polished steel, it impelled the main shaft to turn the wheels of the factory.

Tom worked by the door, near the engine-room. He could, therefore, easily see the engine and all its surrounding. The interest of its rapid, ceaseless motion partly reconciled him to the fact that, while most boys of thirteen were enjoying full liberty outside, he was shut up within doors.

This morning, more than usually, he had been watching the forbidden splendors of the engine-room, for the engineer allowed no one in his sanctum. The great machine fascinated Tom with its easy grace of movement. His eyes dwelt long on the neat finish of the hexagonal bolt-heads that gleamed about the cylinder. He tried to tell, from his position, how full the glass oil-cups were, as they flashed to and fro on the polished arm; and then his eyes rested on the fly-wheel that revolved so gracefully in its narrow prison. Only one-half of the wheel could be seen at once, the other half being below the floor, almost filling a narrow, rock-lined cavity called the "pit."

As Tom watched the whirling spokes it seemed as if the mass of iron stood still, so swift was its motion. He remembered that once the engineer, seeing his interest in the machinery, had invited him in, and that he had stood leaning over the frail wooden guard, his face so close to the fly-wheel that the wind from its surface blew back his hair, while he looked down into the pit with wonder and dread. He remembered asking the engineer if he supposed any one could climb down there while the engine was in motion. The answer had come:

"There isn't a man in the factory that has nerve enough, even if there were room," the space between the wheel and the wall being hardly a foot and a half in width.

The boy's eyes next wandered from the object of his thoughts and rested on the bright brass domes of the force-pumps that occupied a brick "settle" on one side of the room, and then up to the maze of pipes that crossed and recrossed above the toiling machinery.

Suddenly, glancing down, he saw a little child standing beneath the guard, close to the great fly-wheel.

The engineer was nowhere in sight, and little May was his only child. Tom's heart gave a great leap. In an instant he had scrambled down from his perch and was in the engine-room.

As he passed the doorway he was just in time to see the child toddle forward and fall into the pit! With an awful shudder he waited to see the monster wheel spurn the baby girl from its cruel sides. But no such sight came.

He dashed forward and looked into the pit. She sat on the hard, rocky bottom, sobbing softly to herself. The fall had not harmed her, yet she was still in great danger. Any attempt to move from her position would give the relentless wheel another chance.

Tom slipped out of his brown "jumper," tore off his light shoes and stood inside the guard. One eager look in the direction of the iron door through which the engineer would come, and then he began the descent. The great mass of iron whirled dizzily close to his eyes; the inclined plane down which he was slowly sliding was covered deep with dust mingled with oil; the thick, oily, damp air, fanned by the heavy breeze from the wheel, almost took his breath away. Where the curve of the wheel was nearest, it almost brushed his clothes. With his back pressed tight against the rocks he slid down until his feet struck the bottom. And now came the worst part of the ordeal—the ponderous wheel, sweeping in giddy curves above him, so affected his nerves that his strength began to fail. There was one space where the wheel curved away from a corner, so he dropped on his knees there and for an instant shut his aching eyes.

The child was in the other corner of the pit, sitting in an open space similar to that in which Tom knelt. As he looked past the terrible barrier, she made a movement as if to stand up. That brought back Tom's fleeing sense. If she should stand up the wheel would strike her. Lying carefully flat upon the bottom of the pit, he began slowly and cautiously to work his way beneath the mass of flying iron. He could feel the awful wind raising his hair as he crept along. Nearer and nearer he came to the child, and nearer to the curve of the wheel. As he passed beneath it, an incautious movement and a sudden

"burn" on his shoulder showed that he had touched it.

The little one had not seen him at all yet, as she had been sitting and rubbing her eyes, but she looked up now, and seeing the pale face streaked with oil and dust coming towards her, she covered her face again with her little hands and sobbed harder than ever. Tom crept on until he came so near to the child that he could lay hold of her dress; then he stopped. A strange, dizzy blur kept throwing a veil over his eyes, and he tried in vain to overcome a longing for sleep. He could feel the ceaseless whirl of the great wheel, and it made him almost wild. Curious vagaries and half-delirious fancies danced through his head. With an effort he threw them off, and, raising his face from the rocky couch, called for help.

Instantly, a dozen mocking voices from the sides of the pit flung back the cry into his very ears. But the wheel caught the cry, and whirled it away, up into the engine room, in distorted echoes. He called again, and the sounds seemed less terrible. The little girl tried to get up, but he held her to her white dress and soothed her the best he could.

A moment later he distinctly heard footsteps in the engine room, then he felt that some one was looking into the pit, and then the clattering of the piston in the empty cylinder showed that the engine was soon to stop.

Less swiftly, and at last slowly and more slowly, whirled Tom's massive jailer; fainter and fainter came the clatter of the piston, until both ceased, and the engineer, with great beads of perspiration on his white forehead, swung himself between the harmless spokes of the fly-wheel and got down close to the two prisoners.

"Is she hurt, Tom?" he gasped.

"No, sir," said Tom, faintly. "If you'd only stop the fly-wheel, I'd lift her out."

"It is stopped, my lad—it's your dizzy head that deceives you. Let me take my little May."

The engineer reached down and lifted his darling up from the dust, and, holding her fast on one arm, climbed out.

Tom lay still. He did not seem to care, since the little one was safe and the fly-wheel had stopped. He felt a fearful weariness stealing over him. He would like to sleep a year.

The engineer was by his side a moment later, asking if he was hurt.

"No, sir, I think not; only a little tired," said Tom, and slowly and wearily his eyes closed.

Without another word the strong man lifted him up from the rocky floor and its foul air, and, climbing again by the spokes of the fly-wheel, bore the boy out of his dungeon. The air from the open window soon cleared the "sleepiness" away, and he was able to tell the whole story. The engineer grasped his hand, but he could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.

Many were the words of praise from the sturdy workmen that crowded in from the "steelworks" to see why the engine had stopped. Tom was the hero of the day.

When the superintendent heard of it he sent for a hack, and had Tom taken home in style, with a comfortable little present in his pocket, and the permission to be out until he should feel all right again. It took about a week to clear the dizzy feeling entirely away, and at the end of that time he was working at his machine just as if he had never been under a fly-wheel.—St. Nicholas.

An Appeal.

Owing to long continued ill-health, I have been unable to resume my mediumship for over a year. Our home, the savings of many years, is now about to be sold to satisfy claims to the amount of about \$500. Will the friends contribute their mite toward a fund to relieve us from the impending calamity of losing our homestead? Reluctantly we make known our distress through dire necessity, knowing not where or to whom to look for assistance except to those in whose behalf we have labored faithfully for many years. This petition is made as the last resort, having exhausted every effort to relieve ourselves rather than publicly ask aid. Respectfully,

J. NELSON HOLMES,

JENNIE W. HOLMES.

We take from the *Banner of Light* the appeal of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Holmes for assistance in their pressing distress, and we trust it will not be vain. Mr. Holmes's health, as we know, has been such for a long time as to preclude his pursuing his mission as a medium, and thus he has been compelled to incur liabilities that are now harassing him. Those who know what these veteran mediums have endured, in the service of the spirit world, should not refuse them such assistance as is in their power, and that without delay. Their address is Vineland, N. J., to which place remittances should be made directly.

Moncure Conway at Scarborough Castle.

Ah, how I would like to go and sit this morning at the feet of George Fox—founder of one religion before which Voltaire bowed his head. One of the most interesting parts of Fox's journal is his account of his imprisonment in Scarborough Castle. He was imprisoned in Lancaster gaol for refusing to take an oath (they are still haggling over it in Parliament), and after, as I remember, about six months there, he was transferred to this castle. It was in 1635. He was kept in a tower overlooking the sea for fifteen months. They placed him in a wretched room, and when he had spent fifty shillings in trying to make it more comfortable, they placed him in a worse one—an eviction without compensation for improvements. Here George Fox drank herb beer (*de came*) and made a penny loaf last him three weeks. The humor with which he describes it, all show how free his great heart was all the time. After a little time he won the hearts of all around him; and when "the King's missive" came (1636), the order of Charles II. for his release, the kind feeling of the prison Governor, Sir Jordan Crossland, came out in high order: "Permit the bearer hereof, George Fox, late a prisoner here, but now discharged by His Majesty's order, quietly to pass about his lawful occasions without molestation." Fifteen years before that a little Society of Friends had been formed in Scarborough; and how bright must have been that Sunday morning when, after twenty-one months of gaol, George stepped into the little circle.

A Fellow-Townsmen's Retort.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 25, 1881.
The enclosed slip from one of the sheets in which "our grandmother" (Hartford Daily Courant) has been lying, will give you a faint idea of how you have been struck by the contents of a theological slop-bucket.

It may be a source of astonishment to many of your readers that a paper professing great age and respectability, should (just at this present time, when the country is excited by the death of our good President,) step aside to crush the head of so insignificant an object as the "old lady" would have her readers believe you to be. The truth of the matter is, she is subject to periodical fits, once in a while gets a spiritualistic "mouse" under her petticoats, so to speak.

The old lady is known here as a sort of a superannuated shadow of a respectable antiquity. She always keeps a miserable, many-biped cur in her back office to bark at ghosts; and when she gets into a tantrum, there is no knowing who may get hit. And then again, she is greatly afflicted by "disembodied spirits," poor old soul! She can't tell the difference between the disembodied and the embodied kinds. So you must be charitable towards the "old female;" touch her tenderly, and a little at a time. "Let justice be tempered with mercy;" don't "argue"—a live thought would cause all of her antiquated toggery to dematerialize, would throw the church of the holy speculators on Asylum Hill into a galloping consumption of the bottled "blood of God" in their wine cellars. It would even scandalize the Nutmeg State, and nothing but a genuine materializing seance, controlled by the spirit of Truth would fit her to live out the rest of her days respectably.

Capt. J. C. Kenney, one of the editors of the Courant, was one of the gentlemen caught in Epes Sargent's spiritual trap, with that renowned Bonanzas, son of theological thunder, the Rev. Joe Cook, and another man, wherein the three "wise men" (?) were made to sign a little bit of paper, which paper, small as it was, has served to stop a very large theological wind-hole.

The best joke of the season is the scholarly (?) performance (in the Banner of Light) of the Rev. F. J. B., the whilom universal hell-fire insurance man, and his endorsement by two of the mighty luminaries of the great Christian Spiritualistic Church expectant, which is to adorn the new age(?). Strange what a little spark will explode a great cannon—Bushman!

Mr. Editor, did you notice with what majestic strides our leaders (Buchanan and Coleman) walked through the hole in the sky, left by the destruction of that grand baldric of the "brown old ages," (the celestial Zodiac), on which untold generations of men counted the days and years of their brief mortal existence, before the genius of history plucked a quill from the wing of thought, with which to note his first "footprints on the sands of time?"

If the celestial zodiac dates only five centuries back of our era, I would like to enquire of F. J. B. how it was that Jehovah happened to ask Job such a foolish question, "Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth (literally the twelve signs) in his (their) season?" And here I venture the assertion based on substantial evidence, that Mazzaroth and Nazareth are synonymous terms—as much so as Jesus and Joshua; Elijah and Elias; Saul and Paul; Jonah and John, etc. But enough; it makes me happy to see a "scholar" make a fool of himself.

One word more and I have done. Let any man or woman, with a thimble full of legitimate brain tissue, take Grecian and Roman mythology, the myths of India and Egypt, the Christian Bible, and Barrett's geography of the heavens, or a first rate celestial globe, and if he or she can't unravel the tangled skein of theological mysticism, it will be from a simple lack of interest in the subject that is all.

S. W. LINCOLN.

[We have read the enclosed slip from The Courant, Hartford Conn., referred to by our correspondent, and have too much compassion, to add to the "old lady's" annoyances by objecting to her jim-jams and tantrums. If let alone she may survive them a brief space, and in the meantime make some little preparation for the judgment day, when she will find herself face to face with her jim-jam and tantrum outbursts of senility. The "old lady" seems to have pleasure in tearing up things in her imagination, and we suggest to friend Lincoln, that he refrain hereafter from exposing her infirmities. Friend, remember the bad boys, Elisha, and the bears.—Ed.]

Carbonic-Acid Gas from Cemeteries.

The decomposition of bodies in the earth is a real organic combination; its products are quite well known. The principal and most abundant of them is carbonic acid, a substance that is generated by the slow combustion of the carbon contained in all organic matter, vegetable or animal, whether it be a blade of grass, a leaf, wood, manure, or a dead body. It may be disengaged from the soil in cemeteries, and most hygienists have till now considered it one of the principal causes of their insalubrity. This is a mistake. We have on a recent special occasion made an approximate calculation of the maximum quantity of carbonic acid that can be produced in the cemeteries of Paris. The results of these calculations, which are based upon numerous weighings of corpses made in several hospitals, and on the most authentic data of the chemical composition of the human body, show that this quantity is infinitely less considerable than has been supposed. The total weight of the bodies consigned each year to the cemeteries in Paris is 1,380,000 kilogrammes (3,142,500 pounds). If all their carbon were transformed (which is not the case) and disengaged as carbonic-acid gas, they would furnish 1,257,000 kilogrammes (3,142,500 pounds) of that gas in five years. Now, according to the calculations of M. Bonssingault, we may estimate the quantity of carbonic acid produced in Paris, by the respiration of men and animals, and the different processes of combustion, at 18,000,000 kilogrammes (or 45,000,000 pounds) in twenty-four hours. The combustion of illuminating gas alone in Paris (218,813,875 cubic metres) produced last year a quantity of carbonic acid thirty-five hundred times more considerable than all the dead buried in the cemeteries during five years could give at the maximum rate of exhalation. The Grand Opera House alone gives out every year thirteen times more carbonic acid from its gaslights than could be disengaged from all the cemeteries put together, even if all their carbon were converted into gas.—Popular Science Monthly for September.

New Publications.

"The Phantom Form—Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life; A True Life History, communicated by a Spirit through the Trance-mediumship of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, mediumistic author of 'The Golden Key; or, Mysteries beyond the Veil'; 'A Search for the Temple of Happiness,' etc. A new and beautifully printed volume of 169 pages. Published by D. M. Fox, Newton, Iowa. Price in cloth, \$1.00; in paper, 75 cents; postage paid.

This mediumistic work of our gifted sister, Mrs. Fox, is divided in two parts, the first part giving the earth-life history of the controlling spirit, and the second, some of her experiences after her transition to the thither shore.

The author, in her preface, says the revelations of the book were given while she was in a condition of deathlike trance, and written at the time by an amanuensis exactly as spoken. "The spirit author claims it to be a true life history. I have no means of testing its veracity; but I do not question the candid and confiding statements of friends here, unless they have proven themselves unworthy of confidence; neither can I look with suspicion upon one whose pure and noble face bears the stamp of truth and honor. While under the magnetic control of this intelligence, my clairvoyant powers were greatly augmented. Localities were as plainly seen, and could be as readily identified, as can the various cities I have visited on earth. Several of the characters prominently referred to in the narrative, were seen so frequently, that they seemed more like dear friends than strangers from another world. I give this book to the world as it was given to me, believing it will awaken in the minds of many a desire to investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism."

In this belief we fully concur, the narrative so far as relates to earth experiences, is life-like and of thrilling interest. That of the spirit's history upon the other shore must, by all those who have had no personal clairvoyant or inspirational experience, "be taken upon faith." By all having such faith, it will be read with absorbing attention. Those who have not, will find it difficult to accept such earth-like scenes and incidents, no matter how exalted and advanced their moral and intellectual teaching, as a true picture of actual spirit life. We would like to make some more pointed references, passages claiming our special attention, but will limit our present notice to a quotation of the introductory opening poem to the second part.

"THERE IS NO DEATH.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite-rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry mosses they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead."

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

[RE] Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Man Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travel like the wind. He go to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away.

All persons sick in body or mind that desire to be healed, also those that desire to be developed as spiritual mediums, will be furnished with Blackfoot's Magnetized Paper for 10 cents per sheet, 12 sheets \$1.00, or 1 sheet each week for one month for 40 cents; two months for 70 cents, three months, \$1.00. Address James A. Bliss, 713 Sanson street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Communications by mail, \$1.00 and three 3-cent stamps.)

List of cures effected through and by Red Cloud and Blackfoot's Magnetized Paper, James A. Bliss, Medium: Asthma—Woman 67 years cured, time of sickness 3 years; man 60 years great deal benefited, 2 years sick. Paralysis—Woman 24 years, cured, time of sickness 1 year. Stiffness in knee joints—Girl 8 years, under treatment; benefited a great deal, stiffness 6 years. Falling of womb—Two women, 48 and 25 years, cured where M. D.'s pronounced incurable. Pains in Back—Man and woman, both cured, 23 and 24 years. Inflammation of kidneys with complications—Man 58 years, most cured, where M. D.'s pronounced incurable. Fits—Child 3 years, all right. Heart disease—Woman 26 years (my sister-in-law) as said M. D.'s; she has had the heart disease and could not live two weeks; very little medicine taken, only tincture of digitalis; she is a trance medium and is always resisting her spiritual guide; my belief is that it was a correction from her guides; great deal better and up for two weeks, time required per M. D.'s for her death. Spirit control—Woman 64 years (my aunt), very well. Pain in thigh—Man 27 years, all right. Running up and down pain in abdomen—Woman 25 years, with a paper on now and feels a great deal better.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
PARISH OF POINTE COUPEE.

I hereby certify that the within list of cures of different sicknesses were done per the Red Cloud and Blackfoot magnetized paper.

Witness my official signature this 9th day of April, A. D. 1881. Jos. F. Tournor,
SEAL. N. P.

Alfred James

Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

A. JAMES,

No. 1119 Watkins St., Philada., Pa.

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Previously acknowledged,	\$117 28
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Ill.,	2 00
B. F. Oahoon-Pleasant Lake, Mass.,	50
A Friend, Philadelphia,	2 50
C. O. Thiel, Chicago, Illinois,	6 70

Generous Offer by a Well-known Cincinnati Medium.

To those who will subscribe to MIND AND MATTER for six months I will give a sitting for business or otherwise, by a card from J. M. Roberts, the editor, free of charge. This offer to hold good for as long as MIND AND MATTER exists.

Mrs. A. M. GEORGE,
Rooms 14 and 15, 114 Mass Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

A Mediums Valuable Offer.

GRAND RAPIDS, April 20, 1880.

Dear Brother:—Seeing that through the columns of MIND AND MATTER, a work can be done to the advancement of spiritual progress, I thought I would make the following offer. Any person sending me \$2.00 and two three-cent stamps, I will give either a medical examination or business consultation, and will forward the same to you to secure to them MIND AND MATTER for one year.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Dr. SAYLES,
365 Jefferson Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Vitaphic Physician's Kind offer.

Any person sending me \$2.00 and two 3-cent postage stamps, with lock of their hair, age, sex, and leading symptoms and location of their disease, I will give them a free examination and advice, and send the two dollars to pay for MIND AND MATTER for them one year.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.
266 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. J. Matthew Shea's Liberal Offer.

Bro. Roberts:—If you will say to the public that any one who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER for one year, I will give them one private sitting and one ticket to my Materializing Seances; this to hold good until further notice.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SHEA, M. D.,
87 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, I make the following offer to any person sending me \$1.25 and two 3-cent stamps they will receive MIND AND MATTER for six months, and I will answer ten questions of any kind and examine any diseased person free (by independent slate writing). Send lock of hair, state age and sex and leading symptoms.

Magnetoket, Iowa. Dr. A. B. DOBSON.

Offer of Mrs. T. P. Allen.

Any person sending me \$2.00 and with it their hand writing, age, and sex, with two postage stamps for answer; I will give them a Psychometric reading, and will forward their money to you to pay for a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER.

Mrs. T. P. ALLEN,
Box 77, Gowanda, N. Y.

An Extraordinary Offer of Dr. A. B. Dobson.

DEAR BROTHER:—You can say to the readers of your noble paper, that any diseased person who will send me two 3-cent postage stamps, a lock of hair, age and sex, and one leading symptom, I will diagnose their case free by independent slate writing.

Dr. J. C. Phillips' Liberal Offer.

Oma, Wis., Jan. 14, 1880.

Bro. Roberts:—You can say in your paper that any one subscribing for your paper through me, and sending stamps to prepay answer, will receive a psychometric reading; or should they prefer a medical examination, by giving two or three leading symptoms, (to facilitate) will receive the latter. Send lock of hair.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS,
Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetist Healer.

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What are they? What have they to do with the Spiritual movement inaugurated by its spirit friends and authors at Hydesville, New York, on the 31st of March, 1848 A. D., or of Modern Spiritualism, year one? We have queried many times upon these points, without eliciting a single fact to show that Christianity ever had anything to do with Spiritualism or Spiritualism with Christianity. And yet, we have prominent individuals among professed and acknowledged Spiritualists, insisting that they are one and the same thing, and must mutually stand or fall together. Prominent among these have been J. Rhodes Buchanan, M. D., Henry Kiddle, and Eugene Crowell, M. D. These gentlemen have insisted that, without Christianizing the Spiritual movement, it will fail, or what is worse, become an injury rather than a benefit to humanity. In precisely the same way, the Christian clergy, to a man, insist that unless the United States Government is merged into the Christian movement, it will go down in night. They are insisting on getting Christ into the Constitution, as the corner-stone of republican safety; and all the political demagogues are doing what they can to help their theological brethren to destroy the only foundation of republican government, to wit: entire freedom from religious sectarianism, factional politics, and monopolizing business combinations. Whoever favors or encourages either of these tendencies in the American Republic, is an unconscious enemy of the institutions that have made our nation what it is.

In the name of outraged justice and common sense, we protest against the recent proclamation of Chester A. Arthur, acting President of the United States. In order to give weight to our protest, we here insert that proclamation in full:

"Whereas, In his inscrutable wisdom it has pleased God to remove from us the illustrious head of the nation, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States; and,

"Whereas, It is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself, with one accord toward the Throne of Infinite Grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty, and seek from Him that consolation in our affliction, and that sanctification of our loss which he is able and willing to vouchsafe ;

"Now, therefore, in obedience to sacred duty, and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday next, the 26th day of September, 1881, on which day the remains of our honored and beloved dead will be consigned to their last resting place on earth, to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning; and I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of Divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God, and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate" &c.

We would like to ask Chester A. Arthur, or James G. Blaine, his Secretary of State, where they find any authority whatever, divine or human, for that manifestation of sectarian demagoguery. We stand second to no man, in our sor-

row at the untimely taking off of James A. Garfield by the murderous hand of a fanatical tool of the secret enemies of American institutions; we stand second to no man, in our love and admiration of the late President, as a man, as a patriot, as a statesman, and as a citizen. At least thirteen years before any one perceived the extraordinary merits and high promise of James A. Garfield, we foresaw the brilliant and useful career he was to run. At a Republican meeting held at Mores-town, N. J., in the fall of 1867, the duty of introducing Gen. Garfield to the people assembled devolved upon myself, as chairman of the County Committee. General Garfield was then comparatively young in public life, and his military services, distinguished as they were, little understood. We had noticed the legislative movements of Gen. Garfield with especial interest, denoting, as they did, a man of intense love of country, and of brilliant mind. Nature had endowed him with personal attributes that externally expressed the mental power and the lofty aspirations of the encased soul within; and as he stood before us on that occasion, we felt the thrill of prophetic inspiration as we rose to introduce this great-souled man to our friends and neighbors. Calling their attention to the record of Gen. Garfield's public acts, and briefly commenting upon their bearing upon the future of public events, we closed by saying: "Friends, permit me to introduce to you General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, a gentleman who will yet be called to fill the highest office within the gift of the American people,—that of President of the United States." Never from that hour did we cease to follow, with the closest attention, every public act of Gen. Garfield; never to find him coming short in the faithful and able discharge of every duty. God only knows how deep was the wound we received when the assassin's bullet struck down that President of our especial choice. It was meet that the American people, without distinction of any kind, should manifest their appropriate sorrow at the untimely loss of a good citizen and so important an executive officer. It was not unseemly that Chester A. Arthur, his successor in the Presidential office, should have publicly and officially suggested to his fellow-citizens to unite in a common tribute of respect to the memory of the lamented departed one. To all that no one could reasonably object, nor do we. But it is to the narrow, theological, sectarian and demagogical appeals, to religious bigotry and prejudice contained in that proclamation that we object, and against which we indignantly protest; and especially do we protest against the impious untruthfulness of those appeals. Says President Arthur: "In His inscrutable wisdom, it has pleased God to remove from us the illustrious head of the nation." How does President Arthur know that? When did God tell him so? Or, by-whom was he told so on God's account? We do not believe a word of it; and we do not believe that he believed a word of it. If it were true that "it had pleased God to remove President Garfield from us, as the illustrious head of the nation," what kind of obedience was it to God, for the Christian Chester A. Arthur to call upon the American people to mourn, because "God in his wisdom" had pleased himself? If they were dutiful to God, they ought to have rejoiced instead of mourned, that "God in his wisdom had pleased" himself. Did it not occur to President Arthur that if "In His inscrutable wisdom," God removed Gen. Garfield, the chosen President; "In His inscrutable wisdom," he had placed Chester A. Arthur, the unchosen President, in his place, and that while the American people were mourning the loss it had pleased God to inflict upon them, they ought, at the same time to rejoice over the inappreciable gain he had, "in his inscrutable wisdom," forced upon them. Some things are not so inscrutable, whether wise or otherwise; and of such things is this perversion of the office of President of the United States to the propagation of theological falsehoods that were a curse and a shame in the darkest ages of the world's history. We do not feel one bit thankful to God for any hand he may have had in removing General Garfield, to make way for Chester A. Arthur as President of this nation. We demand of God that he will allow us to choose our own President, and not to use the hand of an assassin and the probes of a parcel of bungling surgeons to defeat their choice. If no one is fit to choose a ruler for the American nation but God himself, in the name of common sense let us abandon the elective principle in our national action, and let God run the machine himself. What is the use of our being called to mourn over the defeat of our efforts to take the control of American affairs out of the hands of demagogues, when God, if he is the demagogical tyrant that Chester A. Arthur asserts he is, "in his inscrutable wisdom" through his bigoted Christian assassins, of the Guiteau stripe, sees fit to place a prince of demagogues in the control of public affairs.

Fellow citizens, friends, note the contrast and never forget it. We are not dealing with divine things, but with mundane things of the highest moment, not only to this nation but to the human race—not only to the present generation, but to all future generations to come,

Enter that sick chamber where the great souled, noble, heroic and trusted Garfield, so grandly struggled with death, against removal from the high post entrusted to him by his fellow citizens—watch his uncomplaining endurance of the physical anguish which that hell-hurled bullet

wrought upon that high strung nervous body—see how steadfastly his mind, through all those eleven weeks, almost hopeless of relief, thought, only of the discharge of his earthly duties, to his country and mankind—listen, whether by night or day, and catch if you can, an expression that showed that he feared death, or needed the consolation or support of a God who "in his inscrutable wisdom" had stricken him down at his exalted post; or hear if you can an intimation that he regarded the religious palaver and impious prayers of Christians, whether priests or people, as worthy of even a passing remark from that bed of protracted suffering; nor even in the agonizing throws of death, did he compromise his manhood by the least expression of fear or doubt as to the rectitude of his life, and the certainty of his happiness in the vast future into which he was about to enter. Oh! that this world were peopled by such men as James A. Garfield. How does that record compare with the sycophantic, hypocritical whine of that proclamation of President Arthur. In the name of the memory of the departed Garfield, we protest against that extra-official snubbing of his loved, honored, lamented and immortal predecessor, by President Arthur, the chosen representative of Giteau and his confederate assassins.

We truly wish we might stop here, but our duty is not done. We find ourself incapable of giving expression to the contempt we feel for the sentiments expressed by President Arthur in his second preamble to wit:

"Whereas, It is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the Throne of Infinite Grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty, and seek from him that consolation in our affliction, and that sanctification of our loss which he is able and willing to vouchsafe,"

At the last national election, who dreamed that in electing Chester A. Arthur, Vice President of the United States, we were electing a man who, through the bullet of an assassin, would attempt to constitute himself the theological as well as the executive head of the nation? Certainly no one; and yet such is the fact. Almost, the first act of this assassin chosen president, is a prelatical, dogmatical and nonsensical manifesto declaring the forms, and ceremonies, and observances which the American people with one accord should conform to. And what is this extra-official prelatical command? We are to manifest our deep grief at the "Throne of Infinite Grace." Indeed! and where pray is that throne, in this land of religious liberty? The American citizen who calls upon his fellow countrymen to manifest their recognition of a throne of "grace" or disgrace "infinite" or finite, certainly has lost all regard for the first lesson in American principles. There is but one throned pretender to "infinite grace" in this country, and that is the crowned prelate of the "scarlet woman" of Rome, none other than Cardinal McCloskey. He would not venture to demand of his bigoted and zealous followers what President Arthur asks of the American people. He tells them that it is fitting that they should one and all bow before the Almighty, whom it pleased to cruelly murder an innocent, faithful, and trusted president, to make way for a cringing sycophant. No, Chester A. Arthur, if God has any knowledge of justice and propriety, he will scourge the nation that asks him to sanctify such an infernal wrong as that.

But as if this was not enough, he asks the American people to devote a day to humiliation and mourning, as a mark of our high appreciation of His inscrutable wisdom in causing the assassination of our late President. If He, God has any conscience left in him he will do the humiliation and mourning himself, for upon him is the guilt, and not on those who would have gladly died that their honored chief might have lived.

In his efforts to curry favor with Christians, President Arthur seems to have overlooked one very important point in his recommendations; and that is, that he did not recommend the American people, that they have a place of "Divine worship" to go to, in order that those who are not provided with such a superfluity, may have the extreme felicity of humiliation and mourning according to the Arthurian canon, when God in his inscrutable wisdom, through the hand of some confederate of Giteau, deprives us of our present President.

Is this a time for such nonsense as this? If it is we are wholly at fault. It seems to us, that in the assassination of President Garfield, we are as a nation brought face to face with dangers, that demand mundane not super-mundane—very clear rather than inscrutable, wisdom. That such wisdom is not to be found in the head of Chester A. Arthur is painfully—too painfully evident. James A. Garfield though wasted and worn by eleven weeks of mortal suffering, clearly foresaw the perils that threatened American peace and prosperity, and drove all sentimental weakness from him. Through all his remarkable and successful life he never did so grand and useful a work for humanity as he did by that lesson of unselfish patience and fortitude during those last eleven weeks of his mortal life. It is not too late for President Arthur to profit by his great example.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 27, 1881.—The Spiritualist Society hold public circles every Sunday at 6.30 P.M., in their hall, No. 14 Opera House Block, Hanover street; lectures commencing September 11th. Asa Emery, President; Jos. Freshl, Vice President; G. F. Rumrill, Secretary.

[CONTINUED.]

The time and space at our command will compel us to be brief, in our comments on Mr. Briggs' article in the *Banner of Light*, of August 20th, of this issue. Mr. Briggs enters upon a rambling attempt to evade the positive fact that no virgin mother ever gave birth to a man-child, and especially that no virgin ever conceived a God-begotten man-child. This is made apparent by the fact that it has never been pretended that any virgin ever gave birth to a woman-child, God-begotten or otherwise. That gospel story has, therefore, some other meaning than the letter expresses. What is that meaning, then? Is it new? Is it original? By no means. Similar legends, as we so clearly showed in our last number, were told of other virgin-born and god-conceived saviours of men. Especially was this the case with the Hindoo god Vishnu, who begot Brahma from himself, which beat the feat of the Christian God "all hollow;" the Greek god Apollo, who was the son of Latona by Jupiter-Zeus; the Greek and Phœnician and Egyptian god Bacchus, who was the son of the same Zeus and Semele; the Greek god Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena; the Scandinavian god Balder who was the son of Odin and Friga; and so on to the end of the chapter. In the same way, I-es-us, the anointed one, is said to have been the son of God Almighty and the Virgin Mary. No well informed or sensible person regards any of these godly violations of chastity in any other light than that which they were intended to be viewed in; as mythical or allegorical expressions of the cosmical annual round of the Sun's movement through the Zodiacal belt of the zodiacal constellations.

Quoting some unnamed writer, Mr. Briggs says:

"Again: 'The blessed Virgin is still more astronomically deified by the author of the Gospel according to Matthew, as being the Virgin of Bethlehem, which means the house of bread; or house of corn, a correct definition of the pavilion or astronomical house of the Virgin of August.' But it so happens that Bethlehem was an ancient veritable city in Judea long before the zodiac was thought of, and the author was penning a legend connected with this city, and not with the month of August."

Now, we stop to ask Mr. Briggs how he knows all that. He has not told us. He certainly was not there when that penning was done, nor will he pretend that he has ever met any person who was present when that writing was done, or who pretended to have any reliable knowledge about the matter. We propose now to show Mr. Briggs, upon recognized Christian authority, that his assertions are not facts, nor anything that can rationally substitute them. That there was a veritable city of Bethlehem in Judea before the zodiac was thought of, is certainly about as far from fact established historical truth as Mr. Briggs could wander, reckless as he has shown himself to be, in some of his departures from the path in which a conscientious man should rigidly keep.

Says McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia of
Theological Literature:

"Bethlehem (Hebrew *Beith-Lechem*) house of bread, from the fertility of the region. One of the towns in Palestine, already in existence at the time of Jacob's return to the country, when its name was *Ephrath*, or *Ephrata*, which seems not only to have been the ancient name of the city itself, but of the surrounding country; its inhabitants being likewise termed Ephrathites (Ruth i, 2). It is called 'Beth-lechem-Ephratah' (Mich. v., 2), and Beth-lehem-Judah (I. Sam. xvii, 12), and Beth-lehem-Judaea, (Matt. ii, 1), to distinguish it from another town of the same name in the tribe of Zebulun (Josh. xix., 15), and also the 'city of David' (Luke ii., 4; John vii., 42). It is not however till long after the occupation of the country by the Israelites, that we meet with it under its new name of Bethlehem. Here, as in other cases, the 'Beth' appears to mark the bestowal of a Hebrew appellation; and if the derivations of the lexicons are to be trusted, the name in its present shape appears to have been an attempt to translate the earlier *Ephrata* into Hebrew language and idiom, just as the Arabs have, in their turn, with a further slight change of meaning, converted it into Beit-lahm (house of flesh)."

What earthly relation there can be between the names of Ephrata and Bethlehem, no Christian critic has been able to conjecture or guess, and we may therefore reasonably conclude there is none; but finding it necessary to locate a "house of corn" in Judea, Beth-lehem-Ephrata was the only one that would "pass muster inspection" at all. The same writer again says:

"After the conquest, Bethlehem fell within the territory of Judah. As the Hebrew text now stands, however, it is omitted altogether from the list of the towns of Judah in Joshua XV, though retained in the Septuagint in the eleven names which that version inserts between verse 59 and 60."

Say you so! Then what right had the Seventy to retain something that was not in the Hebrew text, *as it now stands*? Who knew best how many and what towns were in Judah, the Jews, or the Alexandrian Greeks? We incline to think that the Jews did; and as they could not find the "house of corn" in Judaea, the Greek copyists showed how and where to find it there. But it seems they have not found it yet. But let us follow our authority further. It says:

"This omission from the Hebrew text is remarkable. [Not half so remarkable, by the by, as that it should not have been omitted by the Greek translators of the text.—En.] But it is quite in keeping with the obscurity in which *Bethlehem* remains throughout the whole of the sacred history, not to speak of the nativity, which has made the name of Bethlehem so familiar to the whole Christian

and Mussulman world, it was the birth-place of David, a place of the most important consequence to ancient Israel. And yet, from some cause or other, it never rose to any eminence, and never became the theatre of any action or business."

Did it not strike this Christian writer that the only rational cause for that silence about any Bethlehem in Judaea, was the fact that there was no such city or place?—the only Bethlehem or House of Corn then known being the House of Corn of the Zodiac, or the sign of Virgo, the true virgin mother of I-es-us, or I the one, as the fire, and as the light or Lord—the one-fire-light, that lighteth all men who come into the world. The first mention of the Judean birth-place of I-es-us is thus referred to by our author:

"After this nothing is heard of it till near the middle of the second century, when Justin Martyr speaks of our Lord's birth as having taken place 'in a certain cave very close to the village,' which cave, he goes on to say, had been specially pointed out, by Isaiah, as 'a sign.'"

There reader, and there Mr. Briggs, you have Justin Martyr, a positive historical writer, and doubtless an Essenian Christian, who wrote at least from thirty to fifty years before either of the canonical gospels had an existence, who says that Isaiah had pointed out that birth place as 'a sign.' To be sure it was a sign, and that sign was none other than the sign of Virgo, the true and only Bethlehem or House of Corn, that ever saw I-es-us born. Neither Justin Martyr nor either of the Gospels attempts to locate the Bethlehem of Judaea, and for the very good reason that up to the beginning of the 3d century, nothing was known of any such place. At the time when it is said that I-es-us, was born in Bethlehem, or the House of Corn, on the first day of the year one, there was no such place in Judaea, any more than there was a place in that country called Nazareth at the same time. It was not in the land of Judaea that I-es-us was born and run his mundane career, but in Is-ra-el, the region of Is the fire, ra the sun, and el the lord—the region of the Lord-sun-fire, or the zodiacal zone. Is it not then surprising that Mr. Briggs should state so palpable an untruth as, that the city of Bethlehem in Judaea was long anterior to the House of Corn or sign of the Virgin, the only Bethlehem, in which a Virgin gave birth to a son, and that son the sun-god of all religions, the Christian religion included. If Mr. Briggs means that Bethlehem, the House of Corn, is as old as the zodiac, he is right, for it is precisely that old. But let the fact never be lost sight of that Isaiah pointed out Bethlehem as a sign and not as a city ever inhabited by mortal men. As we said at the outset, time and space will not admit of further comments at present. We will resume in our next.

HE CALLS HIMSELF A SPIRITUALIST.

The Vice President and acting President of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, is Mr. Joseph Wood. That Association is a Bundite organization, and has for its Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Edward S. Wheeler. The Association has been without a President, owing to the resignation of Mr. Lanning, its late worthy and popular presiding officer. The Association has not dared to attempt to fill the vacant office, being unwilling to entrust Mr. Wood or Mr. Wheeler, or any other member with the Presidential prerogatives. We cannot say we are in the least surprised at this sad condition of things among such loving and mutually sympathizing friends of harmony and peace, for it is natural where there is such a display of outward fraternal feeling, that there should be a proportionate lack of fraternal feeling within. To avoid all future trouble, we would suggest that they should amend their constitution by abolishing the office of President, and constitute the present Vice President and Corresponding Secretary life incumbents of their respective offices. We make this suggestion from the further consideration, that the coffers of the treasury are running over, and the perpetuity of the Association assured. It would be sad indeed if an election squabble should be allowed to endanger the harmony and peace of this loving Bundite fraternity. We do not want to see the last survivor of the Bundite movement, to supplant Spiritualism fizzle, as did its sister organization, the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, so enthusiastically represented by Messrs. Nichols, Bowen, the Tice brothers, and other Bundites of the same stripe. We are informed, that it has "gone where the woodbine twineth," not so much as leaving a trace that it ever existed. But to return to Mr. Joseph Wood. This gentleman is blessed with the good or bad fortune, that some of his greatest treasures are laid away in heaven, to wit: Little Helen, his mother and wife. In his natural selfishness he seems to devote his time to dragging these spirit kindred back to earth to minister to his selfish egotism. Having done this, he seems to delight in boring the public with long recitals of domestic affairs, which he weakly imagines are as entertaining to them as they are to him. In all kindness to Mr. Wood, we will whisper to him that he is mistaken, for we have heard many persons speak of the bad taste he has displayed in indulging in that home lobby so much, when before the public. This is all preliminary to what we set out to notice. It is this. In the *Spirit Telephone*, Baltimore, Md., of September 10th, Mr. Wood, published a communication from his spirit wife which was as follows:

"To my dear husband and to my friends. I am happy to announce myself as a spirit friend, and

to say my preconceived opinions of the future are (or were) very different from what I realize. I find there is a continuance of life, that the change called death, is simply a release from bodily pains and trials. I am much better satisfied, situated as I am, and would not make the change again if I could." [May we not add, 'Not for Joseph—not for Joe. Well we can't say we wonder at it.—Ed.] "My wish is, to be seen by my husband who has ever been kind to me." [He had not then refused to comply with that spirit wife's request.—Ed.] "And to my nurse, who was patient with me up to the closing scene, I would say, I am very grateful, and will ever hold her in grateful remembrance. Much I would say, but I do not wish to intrude longer. Let all who believe in materialism, give up the delusion, for to die the death of the body, is to live on eternally. God bless my dear husband, children and friends, and all the dear friends assembled. I will meet you again."

Mr. Wood follows the communication with the following remarks:

"It is proper I should state that there is added to the communication, 'I would like to see this in the MIND AND MATTER, but for certain reasons I prefer publishing it in the *Spirit Telephone*, and the communicating spirit will, no doubt, be satisfied with that disposition of it."

We are happy to publish the communication and thus comply with the expressed desire of the spirit, and wish we could have done so in justice to ourself without placing ourself right, so far as relates to Mr. Wood and his insinuated hostility to MIND AND MATTER. We have sought no controversy with Mr. Wood nor have we given any reason for his persistent efforts to prevent the circulation of our paper. If he has any reason to offer in justification of that hostility, these columns are at his service, but let him refrain from making insinuations to the prejudice of this journal, if he does not want his hypocrisy shown up. We rest for the present.

WHY NOT AGREE TO DISAGREE?

We are ready to do so, as we will now show. The question as to the proper designation of the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, has been one of more importance than is generally understood, and hence has given rise to various views as to what it is, and what it is not, and what it may, or should, become. No one has been more prominent in the movement to christen it than Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan, and the name he is determined it shall bear, is Christian Spiritualism. Under the title, "A Serious Misunderstanding," Dr. B., in *The Spiritual Offering*, of Sept. 17th, says:

"Spiritual religion has been taught in various degrees of purity and truth by inspired mediums in all ages. In its purest and most exalted form it was taught by Jesus and his immediate disciples, free from the military fierceness of Mahomet and his followers, free from the dreary and impractical speculations of Buddha, free also from the conservatism of Confucius, and far more spiritual. Indeed, if the New Testament reports are correct, upon which I do not place much reliance, the religion of Jesus was sublimated into a spirituality and enthusiasm which very few mortals are able to embody in their lives. His conceptions of truth, love and devotion cannot be surpassed, for to go further would be insanity. Jesus therefore stands at the head of the movement of Spiritual religion, for ever since his ascension, he has been progressing as a spirit, and is to-day a far greater power than when alive, and possessed of far wider and more philanthropic views than when he taught in Jerusalem. Spiritual religion is a part of the eternal order of human progression—the goal to which all are advancing as fast as they can rise above the imperfection, antagonism and selfishness of earth life—it is the religion of universal love. This religion is taught by all superior mediums, whose lives are sufficiently pure and elevated to receive the influence from higher spirits. It is the religion of the Spiritual platform generally, and is conspicuous in the teachings of such mediums as Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Hyzer, Mrs. Brigham, and a host of others whom Spiritualists esteem and love. Being identical in spirit with the religion of Jesus Christ, and regarding him with reverence and love, such teaching is called Christianity by those who honor the religion of Jesus, and hold that it was as widely distinguished as Modern Spiritualism from the theology of the church, which reverses the fundamental principles of Spiritual religion. If Jesus was here to-day, he would be rejected by the Church, as he would be honored by Spiritualists."

"Unfortunately, some who have adopted the Spiritual faith, have been so long in antagonism to the Church that they have learned to abhor the word Christian as a badge of mental slavery, and cannot get over the prejudice against a word which has been abused. Hence, when those who regard Modern and Ancient Spiritualism as one in spirit, adhere to the principles of etymology, and, endeavoring to use language correctly, call the modern Spiritual religion Christianity, as well as the ancient, they think, or effect to think, that this scientific use of language will introduce a sectarian theology which all Spiritualists alike repudiate."

"Spiritualism is not a Christian system of religion. It is a system of knowledge or science, which has a religious tendency, but it may be Christian or anti-Christian, according to the inclinations of its votaries. It may be Buddhistic, Confucian, scientific, or anything else. But if it be cultivated in a truly religious spirit, it will lead us to that religion of universal love which is properly called Christian."

"That a number of enlightened Spiritualists entertaining this view, should call themselves Christian Spiritualists, seems to give great offence to those who do not like the name on account of old associations. But where is the intolerance and sectarianism? Every man in this country has the right of naming his own faith as he pleases, according to his own conception of language. If others choose to denounce him on that account, the intolerance and sectarianism is theirs alone."

"And I do distinctly charge intolerance and sectarianism upon those who have been assailing Christian Spiritualists, for they have invariably done injustice to Christian Spiritualists by misrepresenting their position, and asserting and insinuating that they were in sympathy with the

false theology of the so-called Christian Church without the shadow of reason for such a charge."

"Let every man define his own position, but let us have no more acrimonious misrepresentation of those who sustain Modern Spiritualism in its broadest, freest and highest development."

"That there may be some who could bend the power of Modern Spiritualism in subordination to ecclesiasticism just as they have bent and perverted the ancient Spiritualism is probably true, but they are in the Church and not in the ranks of Spiritualism. There is nothing to be feared from the efforts of such, for their Spiritualism will ultimately work the destruction of their theology, and bring them into an atmosphere of freedom."

"They who are hostile to the use of the word Christian by Spiritualists, do not perceive the injury the are inflicting upon Spiritualism by their intolerance. They would lead the sincere and earnest members of the churches to believe that Modern Spiritualism is antagonistic to Jesus and to religion—that it is a system of irreligion and scepticism, when it is in reality a system of science that unites the Spiritualists of all ages, and promises an infinite progress in the future."

"Livingston Place, N. Y., Sept. 5th."

It has come to our ears that Dr. Buchanan has time and again alleged that we have misrepresented his position. This charge has certainly not been well founded, for never have we had anything to say in answer to Dr. B.'s frequent attempts to boost up his Christian bantling without quoting the precise language we criticized. Again, unasked, we have set forth, in full, Dr. Buchanan's statement of his position, not in our language, but his own. And in order that our position may go forth with Dr. Buchanan's, we here proceed to state it, so that there need be no cause for any further or future misunderstanding. Dr. Buchanan says there is such a thing as "spiritual religion." He does not tell us what it is. We have never seen it nor heard it authoritatively defined, and therefore infer that it is a nondescript nothing that exists only in the imagination of Dr. Buchanan, otherwise he would have described some of its characteristics. Dr. B. imagines that the thing moves and that it has a head, but what kind of a head or what kind of a movement characterizes it he does not say. He tells us Jesus stands at its head. Why he stands there, or what he is doing there Dr. B. leaves us to imagine, as that is all he can do himself in the premises. Again Dr. B. tells us that "Spiritual religion is a part of the eternal order of human progression." It is provoking that Dr. B. did not tell us what part, whether the head or the tail; the back or the abdomen. Again he tells us it is a goal. Well we are glad he did not imagine it was a goal, for that is decidedly more analogous to religion, if we judge from the common use to which loving Christians have put goals to propagate their "religion." Again Dr. B. says: "This religion is taught by all superior mediums."

Now we know the thing is all moonshine. For no mediums, whether superior or inferior, ever taught anything. If they have taught anything they did not teach as mediums; and if teachings were given through them as mediums, the teachings was not by them. Take which side you please, Doctor, and that religion becomes all moonshine. But to be serious, Dr. Buchanan where have you ever found a religion that was not characterized by a canonical, written or verbally commanded, law—by a creed, system of discipline, ritual, or other similarly instituted set of obligatory rules—by governmental authority duly defined and strictly enforced—and expounded by ordained priests, elders, or persons of other religious orders or ranks. That which possesses none of these appliances of religion is not a religion whatever else it may be; and the thing in Dr. B.'s imagination has none of these characteristics he will admit. There being then no "Spiritual religion" it is impossible that we should antagonize such a moonshine delusion. If it pleases or amuses, or gratifies Dr. Buchanan to spend his time upon such a vagary, who would be unkind enough to object. Not we. On the contrary we say if Dr. B. must always have a pet hobby to make him happy, as his past career has shown to be the case, why, in the name of peace and human sympathy, let him ride his Rozinante until exhausted sleep o'er takes him to allow him to indulge his dream. It is a harmless hobby; why begrudge it to him.

Equally of the moonshine order is the term Christian, as projected from the fertile imagination of Dr. Buchanan. He speaks of "ancient Christianity and modern Christianity," being one and the same thing, but neither of them as having anything to do with any Christian sect or Christian church. Nothing could more clearly show how utterly incapable Dr. B. is of perceiving facts, where his fancy can find the least room for play. The statement needs no contradiction. Its refutation, is its irrational disregard of facts. We will not insult intelligent persons by arguing the absurdity of the Doctor's pretence. Speaking of Jesus, and after saying he does not place much reliance on the New Testament reports of what he taught, he makes this fatal admission, "His (Jesus's) conceptions of truth, love and devotion cannot be surpassed, for to go further would be insanity." Well as Jesus was so nearly on the verge of insanity, is it any wonder that Dr. Buchanan, his insatuated follower, should have given so many signs of having gotten beyond that verge and being "mad as a March hare." We wish this were not so, but what is to be done about it. The suggestion we have to make is to let him rave away.

After insisting that Spiritualism is a Spiritual

religion, and a Christian Spiritual religion at that, he inconsistently says: "Spiritualism is not a Christian system of religion." Well why not let that end it; and drop the "Christian" and "religion" affixes or suffixes, incontinently. If they have nothing to do with Spiritualism, why keep up such a jabber to show they have? Says Dr. B., "It is a system of knowledge or science, which has a religious tendency, but it may be Christian or anti-Christian according to the inclinations of its votaries." Ah! indeed. Then you admit an anti-Christian is as good a Spiritualist as a good Christian like Dr. Buchanan. We know it, Doctor, you might have saved yourself the trouble of telling us.

And now let Dr. Buchanan and all other "Christian Spiritualists" understand our position toward them. We do not care a baubee what they choose to call themselves, we hope they will tickle their own fancy in assuming a name. To assume to be a Christian amounts to no more than if they were to borrow from Doesticks and call themselves "Dampphools." What is there in a name? just what is behind it and nothing more. If there is nothing behind it, it amounts to nothing. If you think you can catch Christian gudgeons with your ancient-and-modern-spiritual-bait, just fish away. Those gudgeons will be the jolliest gudgeons that ever played around the pin-hook, of some rustic youth, who knew as little about fishing for gudgeons as he did about astronomy.

But here we come to something that we will insist on, and that is, that Spiritualistic fishing for Christian gudgeons, is a hypocritical practice on the part of any so-called Spiritualist, that is undeserving the respect or countenance of honest and faithful friends of Spiritualism. If we are not right in this view of the case, why have not these "Christian Spiritualists" strung some Christian gudgeons on their string, to show that that kind of fishing "will make the pan stink." Show us your first Christian gudgeon Doctor, and then we will stop splashing the Christian waters in which you have been so complacently angling, and no longer keep the fry you are after in such lively motion. Show us the first gudgeon Doctor. We want to see what they are like. You thought you had Dr. Dunn, but he has flopped back into the Christian puddle; you have not had any better luck with Dr. Peebles, for he is half out of sight in the Christian ooze, and so with all the rest you thought you had landed. Those coming to Spiritualism out of the churches, who did not leave Christianity behind them, must become dead to Spiritualism if not to Christianity. Stick to one or the other, for to live in both elements at once and the same time is impossible, as all find out who attempt it. Doctor we will make a prediction here and now. The time is not far away when you will either abandon Spiritualism or Christianity. It is very clear to us, if not to yourself.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13, 1881.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

I am not a subscriber for your paper, nor am I a Spiritualist, but I accidentally got hold of a number of your journal, and, looking through it, found many things which struck me as being worthy of investigation, and when I become suited in my Arizona home, I shall subscribe for your paper.

I noticed an advertisement regarding answering of sealed letters by Mr. Henry Crindle, and thought I could afford to spend a dollar in gratifying my curiosity on the subject, selecting Mr. Crindle from among a number of others because his "ad." headed the column, and was the first to attract my attention. Consequently I wrote a letter directed to some of my spirit friends, asking them to copy contents and return the letter to me with the seal intact. This I enclosed in a manner so peculiar that it could not possibly have been opened, and sealed again, without some evidence being left. The answer, received yesterday, is correct in every particular, and Mr. Crindle besides sent me several communications from spirit friends, whom it was impossible for him to have known, in as much as one of them, at least, has been dead for more than thirty years, and I hardly believe the medium's recollection of persons and their relationship can extend over so long a time. The envelope in which I sent my communication has been examined by several experts, all of whom agree in the opinion that it has not been tampered with.

This rather unexpected development rather startled me, for I saw at once that some power outside of Mr. Crindle's had been at work. What it is, what it may prove to be, I cannot say, but I am determined to see and know more, and if it proves spirit power, and demonstrates that my friends can return and commune with me, I shall not be long in giving it to the world, fearlessly and honestly. Yours respectfully,

J. J. COTMAN.

J. Nelson Holmes Fund.

Please acknowledge the following sums received since last reported:

Previously acknowledged	\$41 00
Wm. R. Tice, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20 00
Thos. Middlemist, Yreka, Cal.	5 00
A Friend, Henderson, N. C.	1 00
Henry Seibert, Philadelphia, Pa.	10 00
A Friend, Pawtucket, R. I.	10 00

Mr. Seibert generously offers to further aid us if a subscription is started to save our home. Also Mr. Joseph P. Hazari, has kindly offered to subscribe to that end. Very truly yours,

J. NELSON HOLMES.

Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5th, 1881.

Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:

Previously acknowledged	\$154 08
C. B. Stewart, Montgomery, Texas	1 00
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois	1 00

A COMMEMORATION MEETING OF MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST.

Owing to a severe and sudden physical disposition, we were prevented from noticing in our last issue, a friendly re-union at the residence of Mr. John M. Spear, No. 2210 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, on the evening of September 16th instant; the pleasant and memorable incidents of which it was our pleasure to enjoy. It was the occasion of the seventy-seventh birthday of our highly esteemed and venerable friend, and called together a large number of our earnest and most prominent Spiritualists, to do honor to that veteran and pioneer in the Spiritual movement. Col. S. P. Kase presided over the exercises of the occasion in his usual graceful and effective manner. An unusual number of mediums were present, among whom were Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, Mrs. Amelia Colby, Mrs. Olive Smith, Mrs. Townsend (better known as Mrs. Suydam, the fire-test medium), Dr. Rush and others whose names were unknown to the writer. Mrs. Joseph Johns, the widow of the lamented spirit artist, and Mrs. Dr. Samuel Maxwell, widow of that earnest, whole-souled Spiritual laborer, were prominent among those assembled, as was Mrs. Col. Kase, the mediums' generous friend.

The exercises opened by an address to Mr. Spear from the spirit of the late William White, of the *Banner of Light*, through Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, which was a noble tribute to the great merits of Mr. Spear and his long and useful self-sacrificing labors in the cause of truth and humanity. When we remembered how brief had been our service as compared with his, we could not but feel how much we had yet to do before we could merit such unqualified commendation. We could not but remark how perfect was the control, as this eloquent tribute flowed from the lips of the medium. Although one of our oldest mediums in the active work of mediumship, Mrs. Robinson continues to improve as a medium for the expression of the highest spirit thoughts.

Then followed a grand and most forcible address of congratulation and commendation from the spirit of that great apostle of Liberty, Thomas Paine, through his medium, Mrs. Amelia Colby, which was worthy in every respect, of that mighty spirit intelligence, and the true, faithful, patient and benevolent man to whom it was addressed. In these two spirit greetings, the events of the long and laborious life of our venerable friend were referred to, as having the most cordial and high appreciation of the wise and good in spirit life, who had ever been with and around him. We wish we could give in detail those well-deserved tributes of praise for every duty nobly done by our dear old friend and brother. We sincerely thank Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Colby for their kind readiness to convey those messages of cheer, and for the eloquent manner in which they performed that most gratifying part of the exercises of the evening.

A basket of flowers was then presented to Mr. Spear, containing a substantial token of the regard of his friends, the presentation being appropriately and gracefully performed by a young lady whose name we fail to remember. Mrs. Olive Smith, sang in the most inspiring manner, "The Old Harper's Farewell to his Harp," and other appropriate songs, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Mrs. Smith has a magnificent voice and knows how to make the most of it. A novel feature of the evening, was the improvisation of a beautiful song by an unnamed spirit, who controlled Mrs. Robinson, who asked Mrs. Smith to improvise the guitar accompaniment, which the latter very successfully executed. This spirit song was specially composed for the occasion and was heard with delight.

Mr. Spear in his usual serene and happy manner responded to the various congratulatory sentiments that had been addressed to him, and in closing did us the especial honor to commend us to the assembled friends, as one who was trying to be faithful in our lot and place. This gave us the opportunity we desired, to express the gratification we experienced in being present, and the encouragement we derived from contemplating the faithful and useful career of our friend J. Murry Spear.

The following appropriate poem given through Mrs. Rest to Mrs. Kase, was then read by Mrs. Spear.

To JOHN MURRY SPEAR.

ON HIS SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTH-DAY.

At thy feet, dear friend, the murmuring waves sing,
A joyous, happy, musical song,
To thee on their bosom a barque they bring,
That will touch life's earthly strands ere long.

The sails are of shining silver white—
The deck flower-strewn by spirit hand—
Awaits the time of thy homeward flight
Across life's river to the Summer-land.

Thy way has been a weary, toilsome one,
Rewarded not by earthly wealth or fame,
But from the teachings—purer, hearts have grown,
Less weary—and for this they bless thy name.

Beloved Seer, life crowned with many years,
Thy earthly friends to thee an offering bring
Of flowers, whose perfume bears the parting tears
Of those who may not see thy face again.

Yet all will hope that future years of life,
To thee, will for thy noble work be given—
A future smooth—no struggle and no strife,
And the past—thy end on earth a heaven.

Mrs. Townsend was entranced and controlled by an Indian guide, who, being unable to speak fluently in English, addressed Mr. Spear in his

own musical and poetic tongue. Judging from the expression of the medium's face, as his thoughts changed, and the naturally graceful gestures that seemed so suited to his words, we could understand his eloquent pantomime without difficulty. Mrs. Townsend's little Indian guide, a most intelligent and entertaining female spirit, afterwards controlled, and in part interpreted what the previous spirit had said, instructing those assembled with her unpretending, but none the less sage conversation.

This was followed by several recitations and conversation until the close of the evening, when the assembly took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Spear, expressing the highest gratification at the enjoyment afforded them by the happy meeting.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

SPECIMEN COPIES OF MIND AND MATTER and the *Spiritual Offering* will be sent free to all who apply at either office.

MR. P. L. O. A. KEELER will arrive in Philadelphia on Saturday next, Oct. 1st, and will remain until the following Saturday.

MRS. CARRIE E. S. TWING, the noted writing medium, is now located for a month at 332 Main street, Springfield, Mass., where she is quite busy giving private sittings.

SUBSCRIBERS to the *Spiritual Offering* who fail to receive their paper on time will please notify the publishers direct, and immediate attention will be given. Address D. M. Fox, Newton, Iowa.

W. HARRY POWELL, the well known slate writing medium of Philadelphia, will start on an extended tour through the Western States, October 1st. Those desiring him to stop off, can address him Philadelphia post-office.

MRS. LIZZIE LENZBERG, the well known healing medium of New York, has returned home from a successful visit at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, and will be pleased to receive her old and new friends at her old residence, No. 354 W. 35th St., New York City.

SUBSCRIBERS writing to us to change the address of their paper must state their last address as well as the address they wish it changed to. Simply saying, "Change address of my paper," puts us to great inconvenience and trouble, which can easily be avoided by giving the present address.

CHARLES NELSON, medium, will hold a circle every Sunday evening, till further notice, at Thompson Street Church (Second Spiritual Association), between Front street and Frankford road. Seats free. Public invited. A collection will be taken to defray expenses, and perfect order will be maintained.

The grand opening circle of the season will be held at half past two Sunday afternoon, October 2d, in the Hall 505½ North Eighth street, under the management of Dr. J. H. Rhodes, Mrs. George and other mediums. Public cordially invited, especially all mediums. Seats free.

The Chicago Progressive Lyceum will open, after its summer vacation, in Union Park Hall on Madison street, near Bishop's court. Its sessions commence at 12.30 and close at 2.30 P. M. Sundays. Socials for the children will be given every second and fourth Wednesday evenings at the same place.

We will next week give our special attention to the attempted discrediting of the mediumship of Mr. D. McLennan in San Francisco; and hope to be able to impart a little common sense to Albert Morton, the editor of *Light for All*, and others, who seem emulous of renown as the enemies of honest mediums.

A. F. ACKERLY, Brooklyn's well known materializing and physical medium, will start on an extended tour through the Western States, October 5th. Parties wishing demonstrations of physical and materializing power, all in the light, may have the opportunity of doing so by addressing him at 1128 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

P. L. O. A. KEELER, will be in Philadelphia, September 27th, to remain a few days only. He will fill private engagements for seances, but will hold no public circles. Parties wishing to engage him will please fill the time up as quickly as possible, as his stay will be necessarily short. He will leave for another State about Oct. 7th or 8th. Address him care MIND AND MATTER.

HENRY CRINDLE, medium, will make engagements with parties within fifty miles of Philadelphia, for materializing or physical seances in the light, for the next two weeks, on very reasonable terms. Mr. Crindle also answers sealed letters, and gives exact copy thereof, unopened. Terms \$1.00 and three 3ct. stamps. Address Henry Crindle, care of MIND AND MATTER, 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MARQUIS DE CATANIA has just written a work on Social Disorder, which has been eagerly caught at by the political economists of Europe, and has been the talk of the clubs and a principal subject of discussion among the serious men of all countries, to whom it is addressed. He declares that, after long study and unremitting attention, he has arrived at the solution of the enigma which the Old World is ceaselessly endeavoring to solve. He defines the question as a purely religious one. "The Church of Rome," he says, "alone holds the key to the secret door which leads to the open country. She alone can render the toils and sorrows of the poor man supportable by her promise of compensation in another life."!!

THE FREETHINKERS AND THE DEAD PRESIDENT.—London, Sept. 26.—At the Conference of Freethinkers to-day Mr. Bradlaugh stated his opinion that it might be considered an impertinence on their part to send a message of condolence, as President Garfield was profoundly religious. At the same time he could not but feel the utmost sympathy with the bereaved family. The statement was received with profound silence and the subject was dropped.

A SPIRITUALISTIC TEST.—Erie, Penn., Sept. 25.—Watkins, the medium, who has been astonishing the natives here, has been arrested for exhibiting without a license. He subpoenaed about fifty persons (among them a number of high-toned ladies), who had to appear and acknowledge the investigation. The magistrate decided that Spiritualism is a religion, and its exponents are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by ministers. Watkins was discharged at the cost of the city.—*Exchange*.

HENRY E. SHARPE, lecturer, starts for the West, via Philadelphia, October 3d, returning about November 1st, and will be glad of calls to speak en route. He spoke last Sunday (18th) at Newark, N. J., on "The Influence of Theology upon Mankind." He speaks next Sunday (25th) in Frohisher's Hall, on "Faith," and the Sunday following, in Newark, on "The Right of Segregation." Address H. E. Sharpe, Co-operative Colony Association, 207 E. 9th street, New York City.

A Convention of Spiritualists and Liberals, will be held at the Opera House, in Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y., October 7th, 8th, and 9th. Eminent speakers are expected. Come one, come all, to the great pentecostal feast of Spiritualism.

A great work is before us,
Let us be up and doing,
With a heart for any cause,
Still achieving still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Speakers will be entertained privately. Hotels agree to board those attending the convention, at one dollar per day. By order of the committee.

MODERN FACTS VS. POPULAR THOUGHT.—A Rhythmical Lecture by Nettie Pease Fox, delivered on the thirty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1881.

"The world hath felt a quickening breath
From Heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over Death
Return to earth once more.

For this we hold our jubilee,
For this with joy we sing
"Oh, Grave where is thy victory?
Oh Death where is thy sting?"

This noted lecture is upon our table, printed in very neat and attractive style, constituting an octavo-pamphlet of 38 pages, to which is added a poetic address to mediums, inspirationally given by the same medium. Published by D. M. and Nettie Pease Fox at the office of the *Spiritual Offering*, Newton, Iowa.

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborative information, as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking, involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.—We regret that our limited space will not permit us to review critically some of the interesting and note-worthy contents of our late exchanges, many of whose essays, reports, and discussions of subjects of general and special interest, as showing the steady extension of the doctrines of Spiritualism, and the development of its exponents and manifestations throughout the world, are well worthy of extended notice, as well as court criticism in many cases, to which we would like to give attention; but we can only, within our present crowded limits, find space for mere titles, among which we have before us:—

Medium and Daybreak, London, Sept. 9.

The Spiritualist, London, Sept. 9.

Herald of Progress, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 9.

The Revue Spirite, Paris, Sept. 1.

The Messenger, Liege, Belgium, Sept. 1.

The Moniteur, Brussels, August 15.

The Journal du Magnétisme.

The Annali dello Spiritismo in Italia, Turin.

The Luz del Porvenir, Barcelona, Spain.

The Constancia, Buenos Ayres, S. A., July 30.

The Revista da Sociedade Academica, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, July.

The Licht der Licht, Paris, Sept. 4.

THE KANSAS LIBERAL.—"Total separation of the State from Supernatural Theology; Perfect equality before the Law for all Men and Women. No Privileged Classes or Orders; No monopolies."

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monthly, published at Valley Falls, Kansas. Edited by M. Harman, Esq. The first number of which comes to our table this week dated Sept. 1, A. N. 106—which we presume to mean the 106th year of our national birth, an important enough era truly for a new departure, but being a local or sectional one, it can never have any more than a local acceptance or meaning, and will inevitably have to give place to the infinitely more important and universal one of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. We extend to our new visitor the hand of fellowship in its advocacy of "The complete secularization of the Government and perfect equality before the law. The enfranchisement of the minds of the people from the shackles of kingcraft and priestcraft of supernaturalism or superstitious theology." This specimen number is a very attractive one in appearance and contents, and it has our best wishes for a long life of usefulness.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.—Being a popular account of the formation and development of the Canon, by Bronson C. Keeler, published by the Century Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., square 12 mo. pp. 126, pamphlet cloth. The author in his preface says: "The fact that no American writer has undertaken to give an account of the formation of the Bible has left an unoccupied place in religious literature, which the following pages aim in an elementary way to fill. The main purpose of the book is found in the eighth chapter, and the preceding chapters, were added only as the proper presentation of the subject seemed to require them. Brevity has been kept in view, and yet the author believes he has substantially covered the whole ground in so far as a general outline can do it. An outline alone—though a complete one—has been attempted; and not at all has been said of each bishop and each council that might have been stated—only the substance of each bishop's views of each council's decree being given." We agree with this statement of the author, that his "outline" is a very complete one, and the filling in, of a very satisfactory kind, considering the limited space he has allowed himself. The number and character of authorities quoted from, shows great industry and acuteness in methodical research. We consider this little book as a great acquisition to our means of spreading the truth—an eye-opener to all Holy Bible worshippers who can be induced to read it.

E. V. WILSON FUND.—Subscription for Bonds.

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An old-fashioned minister, passing a new-fashioned church, on which a spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was going to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

An edict has been published by the Chinese government, extending to Protestant Christians the exemption from assessment for the benefit of heathen ceremonies which were accorded to Roman Catholics in 1862. The exemption goes to the point that, if the subscriptions are of a mixed character, civil and religious, the authorities must carefully separate the items, calculate their exact relative value, and levy upon the Protestants only the precise fraction that they may be justly called upon to pay for civil use.

LORD LORNE, wishing to get a real Indian legend from Indian lips, told an interpreter the other day to take down in writing one of those related about the camp-fire and to translate it for him. The man accepted the commission with great alacrity, foreseeing, as was afterwards discovered, what a silver islet it would be to him. Luckily, he was questioned later on as to how long the legend would be, and was forced to confess that it would take a year or so to tell, at the rate of three hours a day.

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HUMAN BEINGS.

BY J. L. BERTHOLET.

Human beings! What?—what are we?
Elemental entities?
In our stage inchoate passive,
Knowing not our destinies.

Human beings—How? how came we?
Sparks of chance? chaotic dust?
Debris of progressive ages?
Off-cast stuff? forgotten rust?

God's humanity! where are we?
Prime organic? chrysalis?
Still unconscious? only substance
Embryonic? gems in mine.

Waiting earthquake throes to bear us
To the plant-form stage in air,
Till the sun paternal cheer us
Teach us what and guide us where?

Upward, onward we are tending
Through a form of blended grace,
Vegetative, growing, yielding
Flowers for bliss and fruits for peace.

Mineral substances atomic,
Dust for soil that plants may grow;
Plants and shrubs and trees majestic,
God's progressive order show.

Animals in lower stages,
Then in higher grades appear;
Each in all their grades and ages
But the way for man prepare.

All the instinct of the serpent
Found in man—is serpent yet;
Eagle eye—and lion's power—
Dovetail innocence, beget.

Each, and all, in place and measure,
When but harmonized, will be
What makes up that innate treasure
Found in God's humanity!

Be that upright; not perverted
Offspring of God's living law,
Seed of love—not just corrupted—
Accident of mammon law!

Great artist! God parent! Thou
Thou didst spread earth canvases broad,
Silvered round the frame with ocean,
Gorgeously festooned with cloud.

Background filled with mountain, river,
Forest, meadow, lawn and dell;
Alternating light with shadow—
Made all good—and said 'twas well.

Called to life the lower creatures,
For subservient use to man;
Animal with godlike features,
Godlike intellect to scan.

All that is below and round him,
Retrospecting all his deeds,
Still enquiring what may bound him
In his all-aspiring needs.

Ever upward—onward, forward,
Learning Truth and loving good
Till no longer madly wayward
Then he knows and loves his God!

Inexpressible in grandeur,
Are thy works, eternal Lord!
Just and True are all thy methods:
Thou shalt be by all adored!

By thy chastened ones beloved—
By the unripened ignorant feared—
By the pure in heart approved;
Thou shalt be by all revered!

Hear! the Evangel everlastingly
God reverent! Him glorify!
Power creating, Love redeeming,
Wisdom saving, call us high!

The Enemies of Liberty Alert.

BY MRS. MARY E. TILLOTSON.

The prophecy that the year '81 would unchain the demons of darkness, and compel devotees of justice to contend for their rights, is probably being verified. Spies on all things tending to liberty are encountered at every turn; emissaries of ill-disguised treachery are busy in the service of tyranny, and blows of some sort are falling thickly on institutions and individuals aiming at improvements on things that be.

It is assumed that Christianity has arranged creeds, commerce and customs properly, and those who would amend or supersede them are vicious, though the reverse be proven true, hence the tireless strife. Some who would do well are dupes to the service of wrong; but more whom selfishness prompts, serve what promises praise and pelf, though truth be often betrayed and millions long enslaved. Present signs imply that now is the time when work enough wisely done for reforms may save the little freedom we have from threatening invasions, and sleeping votaries of peace must awake to the day's demands. Great boons are to be won or lost.

I have travelled somewhat the last eight summers, observing conditions, sounding minds, noting tendencies generally, and doing what I could to promote interest and action where greatest need existed. This summer I see more progress of thought, conviction of needed work, but the same inertia as to liberal action, while watchful zeal is manifested by prying bigots and petty officials, and back-sliding Spiritualists bring up the rear in the interest of old usages and sham respectability. The inculcation of faith in the power of passive goodness to protect itself against positive evil, of trust in spirit spheres to deliver fleshly spheres from enemies in both spheres, without the assistance of vigilant helpers in earthly spheres, looks to me like intended defeat for the right, like an imminent warning to Spiritualists to work for, their cause most faithfully. This stupor is the weakness that has emboldened tyrants to count on success, and work for it so assiduously in the face of knowledge, and of numbers too, that, if in exercise, would forbid their effort. They warily seek to counteract reform work, to make advocacy difficult and adherence uncomfortable. To make truth unprofitable is an old way of making it reproachful, and slavish souls accept respectability of that sort, and on such Christian terms, alas! They plead with complacency when that promises achievement; they grasp forcibly and unscrupulously, risking violations of law, or using bogus statutes, when they hope to crush workers, and intimidate multitudes. Vanity is much appealed to and applauded, heroism is scouted and smitten. In truth, it is dishonor to own their esteem.

The insinuating leader sent out by Mr. Choate, and criticized by MIND AND MATTER, is of the plausible, deceptive sort, seeking to smile us under the rod. C. B. Lynn's speech on Spiritualism at Lake Pleasant was plainly of that sort. It enjoined that we be wholly indifferent as to methods of advancing Spiritualism; it would affiliate with the church; its main truth, immortality, was main with the church, they would inevitably unite, and we need not be anxious as to how or when. At the following conference I showed that such course would be the extreme pleasure of the church for sinister ends; that our indifference would well avail its ceaseless strife to absorb our force, and use it to rob our means, close our lips, and persecute humanity's strong friends. What it gains in this easy traitorous way saves its power for sterner trials, and it can afford a price. J. R. Buchanan talked tamely of Spiritualism; not

as if he anticipated its aid in human elevation. His effort was to glorify his work for anthropology, and obtain students to his classes; apparently choosing the easiest method of being served by the cause.

E. E. Wheeler gave an interesting, humorous discourse on ancient, always-taught Spiritualism; but laid no plan for causing this new flooding phase to supersede myths and murderous measures that still dwarf the growth of wisdom and mock the hopes of happiness. May his best strength increase. Mrs. Richmond's lectures were the ablest given while I was there. Her replies to questions were wonderfully apt and satisfactory.

At Onset Bay the gathering and enthusiasm were not large. There were good speeches and music; some excellent expression without very definite aim; the spiritualistic features of the camp platforms are getting rather indefinite. Mr. Greenleaf made a scientific and fearless speech. Comforts of the locality in the summer heat were of main interest. Conferences at both Lake and Bay were guardedly in the care of directors, who welcomed no radical thought; practical benefit seemed unsought; but occasionally a speaker risked the contraband rule, and really said something the whole ten minutes. The policy is evidently to admit nothing church censors will disapprove; and old respectability will doubtless call them good Christians, and promise to sustain them. The real work was done by the mediums. Attendance at seances and circles for private information showed much interest and some serious investigation in the general mind. I think much satisfactory evidence of control was given by communications and other phenomena.

I spent a few weeks in Boston, and was especially watchful at the anniversaries, hoping to see marked progress in courage to sustain principles. The Institute of Heredity made its debut with an uneasy obeisance to popular favor, and flourished through the day its oft-told tales of human ills that deserve abolishing; but ventured no plan of procedure for effecting anything, because that would condemn the costume of its women speakers. The Physiological Society held its 33d anniversary; has been attended over three decades by the cultured aristocracy of Boston, and stands now, in its teachings, on the plane of the Institute at its inaugural. The speakers of both societies mentioned the dress of woman as the obstacle in their way, proving that they know what the work requires, but could not enlarge; that would have said what all could see, that they liked the society for its honor, but were not ready to labor for its proper objects. How many such swells will it take to wash corruption from parental constitutions? How will that culture show in the next generation?

The Woman's Suffrage demonstration was an offering to style, labeled rights. How long traveling to the left will take one a mile to the right?

At the Free Religion convention at Parker Memorial Hall I saw Felix Adler, as the giant mind reaching down to a clan of small-growth aspirants, hoping to draw them up to a reasoning plane. I thought his task a miniature of mine, toiling to inspire women with a sense of self-preservation; for the church lags were there infusing the older poison, as beguilers are everywhere whispering to women, the way to be lovely is never to look out for your own integrity; that is strong-minded.

At Paine Memorial Hall a large audience was interested in expansive ideas of liberty of thought, of person and institutions. This attention to highest present needs will be more likely to release the spirit from error when carnality fails, than any system of fear, sacrifice, or church incentive.

At Berkley Hall, Mr. Colville is the Spiritualist orator. There the attendance was ample, the attention wrapped. Although much wealth was represented, a general affable recognition cheered with a sense of practical fraternization belittling the ties of common mortalhood and angelhood. Physiological costume was welcome there, though pretentious societies in its name, resolved to wait a little longer ere confessing to proud ignorance that the wisdom of simple hygiene was the basis that all their movements mean or seek.

I went to Salem, Lynn and the line of cities from Boston thence. Among the good appreciative people I found many Spiritualists, but every where an unusually sharp watch for something irreligious. Petty officers were especially prying, as if fresh caution had been administered. Several policemen inquired what persuasion my costume represented. One asked if I thought it safe for women to contrive their own styles of clothing. A merchant thought weights and tethers necessary to keep them in their places; another said if they (women) wore good easy clothes, they would think best to do their own preaching; and first we know they would be talking of liberty, equality, law, etc.

Women, how much plainer things need you to hear before fully aware that men know your laden bodies are at the bottom of your bondage in all things, and of the disease, dishonor, excess and crime of the age besides?

On returning to my own State, here in Jersey City, a policeman was crazed with the idea (doubtless just instigated by another bigot) that I must go with him to see the marshal. Persisting in this, and I denying his right to molest me, and affirming my duty not to abet his wrong, he carried me in arms, not a coach. The judge rebuked the rashness; said law had nothing to do with the style of women's clothes, and the marshal's part was to escort me to my hotel.

Three years ago, the Y. M. C. A. employed a young policeman to enact a similar outrage. Knowing both these officers were violating the law, as well as justice, I refused to obey their bidding, resolving that if this woman-scaring farce was applied to me, I would show that personal rights should not be thus infringed for tyrannous ends. By calm, self-control, and defense, I have triumphed, and trust the lesson is taught. I have always known the arrest of reformers illegal, and regretted that they walked off to stations; have tested for general good the cases where I was concerned, and have widely published the affairs for the benefit of policemen as well as citizens. Yielding to pretence and dictation, is not the mark of womanhood—flatness of compliance has run character into the grave. Resistance to wrong is ever noble; at this crisis of the great questions of life, nothing else is safe, pure or human. Spiritualists weak enough to be flattered by hope of ease or gain, are fitted for church lackeys. Liberals in all reforms standing carefully aside lest persecutors mark them, may need cradling on a rack a little. All these more than double the duties of the heroic and true, who always hold the banners, fill the chasms and

win the fields. Such only will triumph in present issues.

Brave Roberts at your journal post, be fearless still—strong Ingersoll on your road of bloom and bramble, face the bigot firmly—young Bradlaugh on high seat pleading the people's cause, rest but when right prevails—Bright Besant before men's partial courts and despots ban, claim still the mother's meed, the toiler's boon—America's and Europe's leagued and listed thousands, breasting the powers that rob all lands and slay the good, hold fast your places, and with dauntless wills teach pampered pets their rule must cease, for right decrees that spirits free shall have sweet homes of peace.

W. H. Burr's Plagiarism.

In response to Mr. Burr's card, I submit the following facts:

1. His charge of plagiarism is false and absurd. In the *Seymour Times* of May 14th, I completely refuted it, proving my innocence to the satisfaction of all intelligent readers. Even were I guilty of what he charges, it would not be plagiarism. To quote extracts from other authors found in Mr. B's work is not plagiarism, but to use Mr. Burr's own language or ideas, without credit, is plagiarism. This I have not done, and Mr. B. knows it. In the *Seymour Times* I proved beyond doubt that Mr. B's "Sabbath Pamphlet," (48 pages, 1872) was plagiarized almost wholly from W. B. Taylor's "Sabbath Obligation," (300 pages, 1850.) Most of his quotations from other authors, and nearly all his facts, ideas, reasonings, conclusions, etc., were copied bodily from Taylor's book. Worse than that, a number of sentences in Mr. Burr's work, purporting to be Mr. B's own language, are word for word copied from Mr. Taylor's work. This is unadulterated plagiarism; for Mr. Taylor and his book are never alluded to in Mr. B's pamphlet. In the *Seymour Times* I published parallel extracts from both works, proving the plagiarism. Mr. B. now admits he used Taylor's work, but says he did not mention Taylor's name because he thought Mr. T. did not want his name used. This is proved to be untrue, from the fact that in the same year Mr. B. published his pamphlet (1872), Mr. Burr in an article in the *Index*, named Mr. Taylor and his "Sabbath Obligation," and quoted from him one of the very passages used by Burr in his pamphlet that year (1872) as his (Burr's) own—that is, one of B's worst plagiarisms from Taylor. Even suppose I had plagiarized from Burr, I would have only done on a small scale what he had previously done on a larger scale,—tit for tat. But his charge of plagiarism rests solely on the fact that out of some sixty quotations and references to other authors in my tract, about a dozen are similar to those in his work, and those dozen are the common property of the literary world, and can be found usually in a dozen or more works on the Sabbath. I had as much right to use them, as Burr had, particularly since he copied a majority of them from Taylor. It is ridiculously absurd to call it plagiarism to use quotations from other writers taken second-hand. All writers do it more or less, Mr. Burr very largely, and no one ever called it plagiarism before. It is simply from a feeling of revenge, because I proved him a plagiarist, that he now attempts, by garbling and misrepresentation, to prove me guilty of the same. How absurd to suppose that I would publish in the *Truth Seeker*, to which Mr. B. regularly contributes, an extended plagiarism from Mr. B.!

B. F. Underwood, one of the best informed scholars in the Liberal ranks, writes me: "Burr makes accusations so recklessly, and with so little regard for truth, that nobody is likely to suffer from any personal assault he may make. Your indication is complete, and Mr. Burr should make a retraction of his statement and offer you an apology. You have beyond doubt proven Burr a plagiarist." Various others have written similarly.

2. My mistake as to the identity of "Inquirer" was partly caused by the fact that a correspondent, whom I knew to be aware of who "Inquirer" really was, confirmed my suspicions that it might be Mr. Burr. Relying on this confirmation, I wrote as I did. As soon as I discovered my error, which I soon did, I did all I could by way of retraction. I wrote at once to Mr. Briggs, explaining the mistake, and he so informed the readers of MIND AND MATTER. When I am wrong, I always freely acknowledge it, and try to avoid similar errors thereafter. No one is infallible.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN,
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Mediums' Home Fund.

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

CASH.

Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$122 40
John H. McElroy, Pittsburg, Pa.	50
Joseph Kuhn, York, Pa.	50
Christopher Lutz, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 00
Mrs. Piche A. Haines, Altoona, Pa.	1 00
R. F. Haslett, Spruce Creek, Pa.	1 00
Isaac Bell	50
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ambrosio, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
John P. Lanning, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
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Charles Bingham	50
S. A. Morse	1 00
H. Schlegel	1 00
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Carrie Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. S. B. Cassey	1 00
J. Roworth	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Newton, New York City	1 00
Mrs. H. J. Newton	1 00
Mrs. Mary H. Billings	1 00
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Samuel Graham, Kingsbury, Ind.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dodson, Terre Haute, Ind.	2 00
J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind.	1 00
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Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark.	1 00
J. V. Pedron, Camden, Ark.	5 00
Total Pledged	\$238 50

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums' Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Obituary.

Passed on, from Texas, Kalamazoo Co., Mich. Sept. 8th, 1881, Abby Towers Burdick, late consort of Lewis S. Burdick; aged 55.

She leaves a lonely companion with whom she had labored from pioneer life thirty-nine years. They were also pioneers and head-lights in the ranks of Spiritualism, of thirty years' standing. They had no children, yet three adopted ones found care and shelter at their hands; two of whom are mourning survivors, while their quiet home was ever a retreat for unfortunates, as many can testify who have shared its hospitalities. She was ever quick to detect and relieve suffering; ever hopeful, uncomplaining, and tolerant,—needing to be known to be appreciated.

The obsequies were pronounced at her late home, Sunday, the 11th, to a large circle of relatives and sympathizing friends, by C. A. Andrus, of Flushing; whose inspiring words, with the floral display, and singing by Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, of Battle Creek, contributed to promote harmony and render a fine tribute.

Her premature transition was from blood poisoning, the culmination of the effects of an ovarian tumor, from which she had been a quiet sufferer over eleven years. Her birthplace was Chittenden county, Vermont.

E. L. WARNER.

Paw Paw, Mich.

Passed to spirit life from her home in Morris, Ill., August 30th, 1881, Mrs. K. L. Crandall; aged 61 years.

Sister Crandall was a patient sufferer for seven months. She was a lady of great personal attractions, and had seen much of the world, having travelled extensively in foreign countries. She was a pronounced Spiritualist. She was born near Troy, N. Y., in 1820.

J. B. P.

Morris, Ill., Sept. 23, 1881.

Passed to spirit life, from her home near Morris, Ill., Sept. 5th, 1881, Harriet, wife of Hyram Thayer; aged 56 years.

Deceased was born in Highland county, Ohio. About fourteen years ago she suffered from a paralytic stroke, since which time her right side has been afflicted. She had been quite sick with fever, but was thought to be out of danger, when paralysis of the heart claimed her life. She was a devoted wife and mother, and leaves a husband and large family to mourn her loss. She was a firm believer in immortality and spirit return. Her funeral was attended by Bro. A. H. Laing, of Joliet, Illinois.

JENNIE E. PORTER.

Morris, Ill., Sept. 23, 1881.

The name of Dr. Samuel Grover has been familiar for years to the readers of the *Banner of Light* as that of a staunch Spiritualist of the most uncompromising order; and those resident in Boston and vicinity who have made his acquaintance professionally, during his extensive practice, or in hours of social enjoyment, have universally borne witness that he was a genial gentleman and a rarely gifted medium.

This dear friend of the cause is now what the world calls dead. He passed out of the physical body on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 6th,—a day that for the remarkable atmospheric phenomenon occurring thereon will go down to history linked with the "dark day" recorded in New England's early experiences. But no darkness enshrouded his spirit, and his release from the physical form which had served him so long and so faithfully was effected amid conditions peaceful as the slumber of a child.

Dr. Grover was born at Boon Island, on the coast of Maine, and for years met unflinchingly the sustained strain which manual labor imposes; he was a successful house carpenter; was also connected, in the way of his profession, with the National Theatre, of this city, and wherever he was known bore an excellent reputation for skill, probity and honor. The time arrived, however, when the unseen workers, who had in hand the advancement of the spiritual cause among men, came to him, and in tones he could not mistake, demanded him to lay aside the implements of his trade, and take up a line of development as a medium for clairvoyance, magnetic healing, and public speaking—in all of which departments he was successful to a remarkable degree, though his main work was in the field of clairvoyant practice, in which as a physician he had no superior.

Quietly and unobtrusively he has discharged his every duty to the spirit world and his fellow-men; his home has been the ark to which many an afflicted one has repaired—and successfully—for relief from disease; his house has been a rallying point for many who needed the aid of ready sympathy and kindly advice in varying emergencies; and he has taken especial pains to call together his friends in large numbers on the anniversaries of his birth and marriage (which he continued to celebrate as they recurred, while he lived), seemingly out of a desire to cultivate the element of harmony and pleasant acquaintance among the members of the household of the spiritual faith, than from any aim at individual display on his part.

Consequently there is, it is safe to say, not a Spiritualist in Boston who would, if deceased, be more keenly missed, in a social sense, than will be the earnest, faithful and veteran worker who has just put off the abraded harness of time that he may bathe in the clear youth-giving waters of that land which knows no descending sun!

The funeral rites were observed on Friday, September 9th, at Dr. Grover's late residence, No. 162 West Concord street, Boston. The spacious parlors, the halls, stairways, and even the upper portions of the dwelling were thronged with a representative gathering of Spiritualists, from every part of Boston and from adjoining towns. Others who attended, though not akin to the deceased in belief, came to bear practical witness that they had obtained help from him when in physical extremity.—*Banner of Light*, Sept. 24.

Endorsement of Dr. J. F. Johnson.

GARDNER, Maine, Sept. 22, 1881.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—I deem it my duty to make known to suffering humanity, also for the doctor that has saved me, the following facts: For fifteen years I was the victim of St. Vitus' dance, also shouting spells, and pronounced by the best physicians to be incurable. I was restored to perfect health by the laying on of hands by Dr. J. F. Johnson, 22 Winter street, Boston, Mass., in two treatments. I am not a Spiritualist, but I am to-day a well and healthy man, 82 years old, and have been so since last January, when the cure was effected.

EBENEZER WHITNEY.